



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 14, No. 49. (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Proprietors.)
Office—36 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, OCT. 19, 1901.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), \$2. } Whole No. 725

Things in General.

A LOCAL daily much opposed to the Ross Government is agitating itself and trying to get the Baptists hot because no preacher of that denomination was invited to the dinner given to Royalty in the Legislative Chambers. It insists that the Baptists should be, and are, "insulted" because the Roman Catholics, the Anglicans, the Presbyterians and the Methodists each had a representative bidden to the feast, while the "Baptists, Congregationalists and Christian Scientists were left out." The Baptists and Congregationalists will hardly like to be grouped with the Christian Scientists, nor will they take it as a compliment that a secular paper undertakes to speak for them in the matter of having missed a meal which would not have cost them a cent. Dark hints are thrown out that Premier Ross will be made to feel, next time ballots are to be marked, the displeasure of the Baptists at having been thus insulted. If this newspaper is correctly informed with regard to the Baptists taking this thing seriously, I shall be very much disappointed in the church which from its infancy has so boldly declared against the slightest connection between Church and State. If Rev. Dr. Thomas, who is said to be the senior Baptist pastor in Toronto, has not been misreported in saying that "the State should either invite the representatives of all denominations or exclude all from the festive board," he can hardly be considered a suitable pastor of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, which pays its taxes, though exempt by law, even though all the other churches share in the feast of exemptions. Of course I do not imagine for a moment that the Baptists or Congregationalists—the Christian Scientists have already declared themselves unhurt—feel at all affronted by anything but the politico-sensationalism of the newspaper which has made them appear ridiculous, but the whole idea of the precedence, or even presence, of bishops, priests and parsons at a State banquetting-board deserves a certain amount of discussion.

In Ottawa, where the Catholic and Anglican bishops alone were invited to the State dinner to Royalty, all the other denominations were reported to have felt slighted, yet there was no reason for any complaint. When Royalty or vice-Royalty dines or has a function of any kind, the rules which govern such affairs in the United Kingdom are expected to prevail. Roman Catholics and Anglicans believe in a State Church, and where they have the power each of them insists that it and no other shall be that church. A certain division of the Presbyterian Church has the same idea, which is recognized in Scotland, but all the other Protestant denominations profess to abhor the idea of any connection between Church and State. Of course there are many principles which are supposed to hold good, but which fail to materialize at dinner time, and it has been distinctly shown that when the State is willing to divide up some of the taxes, all the churches, no matter what principles they profess, are in a hurry to get their share. This is proven by the acceptance of church exemptions by all the denominations, though the smaller ones forget that they are really robbing themselves in accepting a little; while the older churches, possessing much property, are the real beneficiaries of the unfair system. Nearly all the churches, excepting the Anglican and the Roman Catholic, are in favor of prohibition, and many, such as the Baptists and Methodists, preach total abstinence, yet their representative clergymen are always in haste to reach the banquetting-board on great occasions, though wine flows in all colors and plentifully. On the surface the argument seems to be a fair one that at a State banquet representatives of all the religious denominations should be invited or none, yet it is obvious that in countries which believe in a State Church only such clergymen as are in accord with this doctrine should be invited to any State affair. In this country, where there is no State Church, no clergyman has a claim to a place either at the head or the foot of the table on a State occasion. This being the case, clergymen are invited on the same footing as any ordinary citizen, though politicians, when they make up the invitation list, take into account the social, commercial or political voting power of the denomination the clergymen represent. If a representative of each denomination in Toronto were to be invited to all the dinners at Government House or to those given by the Speaker of the Legislature, or by the Cabinet Ministers, there would certainly be a large and strangely assorted gathering. Not only would archbishops grace the festive board, but so also would the rabbi; not only would Dr. Potts of the Methodist Church be there, but not far from him would be seated the black-skinned pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Rev. Dr. Thomas's comely face would be set off by the ebony countenance of the pastor of the African Baptist Church; the Congregationalists would, of course, be represented; but so also would the Christian Scientists, the Seventh Day Adventists, the Quakers, the Dunkers, the Dowieites, the Zionists, the Latter Day Saints, the Captain of the Flying Scroll, and others, as they say in auction sale bills, too numerous to mention. At Speakers' dinners and those given by Cabinet Ministers, the leading clergy of the city are invited in rotation, but as there was only one dinner given to Royalty in the Legislative Buildings, it would hardly have been fair to have had too much of the cloth and so little of the laity. If, say, fifty per cent. had been clergymen, so many saintly people would probably have chilled the atmosphere, particularly for those who had never had their legs under the mahogany with Royalty before.

Altogether this recurrent discussion amongst religious denominations as to who is entitled to the highest place in the synagogue, is a disagreeable and disheartening evidence of a growing worldliness and ambition amongst those sects which separated themselves from the old State Churches in order the more fully and faithfully to follow the meek and lowly Nazarene. Even if we admit that much of it is simply newspaper talk, even though it looks unfair for clergymen of one denomination to be hidden while others are left in the cold, yet the church parliaments representative of a disbelief in State Churches should express the view, once and for all, that they consider such small matters as beneath their notice, and that such of their clergy as take part in a clamor for equal treatment with the world, the flesh and the devil, should be disciplined.

THE much abused Colonels did not make such a bad job of the military part of the celebration, did they? Their critics, however, keep prodding them, though the whole thing is over, and insisting that had it not been for the arbitrary course of the military authorities, 150,000 people would have seen the review instead of the paltry 20,000 who were able to take it in. Of course it is easy to manage 11,000 troops, and some of these newspaper colonels could, no doubt, put them through their evolutions on a barn floor, but none of them have yet even attempted to show the existence of any open space in the city where 11,000 soldiers could be reviewed in the presence of 150,000 spectators. They seem to forget that standing room would not be sufficient for the troops to "evolute" in, and that there was no force outside of the troops themselves that could have controlled any crowd such as they suggest as

possible. Be it therefore resolved: That everything was all right; that nothing could have been done better; that each individual, no matter how obscure, did his or her share, to the satisfaction of everybody and to the astonishment of the remainder of Canada; and that at this point the meeting adjourn.

THE serious illness of Mr. W. E. H. Massey has elicited from the press and the public so many expressions of anxiety for his recovery, appreciation of his public spirit, and high regard for his personal, social and domestic qualities, that it can be no longer said that the quiet life of a good citizen passes unobserved. Great wealth when hoarded or used without the restraints of conscience is certain to excite envy, but when in the generous and faithful hands of a good and progressive man it arouses a general anxiety that he may be long spared to administer it.

SCHOOL INSPECTOR HUGHES'S reply to Dr. John Ferguson was a piece of such swashbuckler impertinence as to lead the "Star" to remark: "The fact appears to be that the Hughes family might wisely swear off letter-writing." Dr. Ferguson's letters were written for the good of Toronto's Public Schools, not for the injury of Mr. Hughes. Now that the Inspector has used such words as "infamous" and referred to the Doctor as educationally belonging to the decadent past, we may expect to hear further from Clan Ferguson, and that in tones which may make Mr. J. L. Hughes feel sorry that he spoke. I have read the letters with great interest, and, as may have been noticed, have not refrained from commenting thereon. Now if anybody asks me as to which of the two has been the gentlemanly truth-seeker and has got much the better of it, I certainly should not point to our School Inspector. His tone has been that of a great educationist who has

vidually exempted from prosecution or the death which they so richly deserve, it would seem like condoning a crime to give them money and pardon them at the same time. Of course the old missionary question comes up again as to whether people who go uninvited into dangerous places should or should not be the cause of international disputes resulting perhaps in war and much bloodshed. Without doubt Miss Stone's life has been a very useful and self-sacrificing one, though, as I have several times remarked before, neither patriotism nor religious enthusiasm can be named as the sole impulse of those who go out either to fight or to preach in foreign lands. The soldier takes his life in his hands, and if captured cannot hope for public funds or money raised by subscription to be offered as his ransom; he must bear his fate like a brave man and a soldier, for he alone, if a volunteer, was concerned in selecting a military career. A missionary who goes out to work in dangerous places takes very much the same chances, but has a more abiding faith in a reward hereafter than the soldier who fights for an imperial or a national cause; yet Miss Stone's letter appealing for the ransom to be paid and the life and liberty of her captors to be guaranteed, is hardly offset by her expressed faith in the Almighty and the serenity which she consequently enjoys.

In the discussion of this question the amount of money involved, though it is considerable and would furnish ample funds for a missionary for a lifetime, is the smallest factor in the whole case if there be any principle involved, and it seems to me that there is a very great principle at stake. In the first place, is it right under any circumstances to condone crime? If it is not, the payment of the ransom and the ensured freedom of the perpetrators of the outrage would conspicuously be a sin and liable to entail still more brigandage, more abductions, a clamor for greater ran-

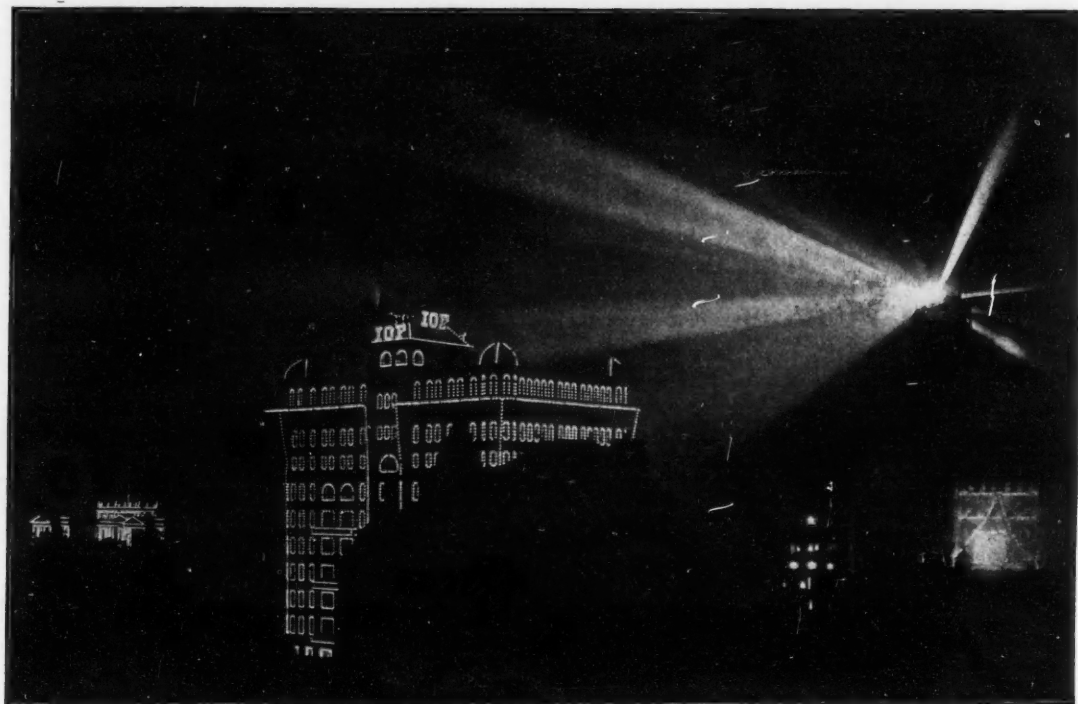
sembled elsewhere with new alliances, have no doubt contributed to the nausea which has been shown by the Episcopalians. Yet the canon refused by this influential parliament of the Episcopal Church will seem to the vast majority of the people to be illogical, and, worse than that, impracticable and unnatural. Every effort should be made to confine divorces to proper causes—this should be the effort of all churches; but in the history of mankind it has never been shown that either financial or religious impediments to proper marriage or remarriage have been morally successful. If the license of the Church is refused to those who have been wronged by others, then that license which is the exaggerated form of liberty will take its place. Further, it seems to me that the canon itself prohibiting the remarriage of people divorced on account of anything which did not take place before marriage, is without reason. If something had happened before the marriage it was more likely to be made known to the contracting parties in the warnings of friends, than anything of a similar sort occurring after marriage; but if an innocent party should be released at all, that which occurs after having entered into the bond of matrimony which is serious enough for a divorce would be less excusable in the guilty party than what happened before the vow was taken. However, the matter need not be discussed further, for no doubt each individual will form his or her opinion of marrying or remarrying without much regard to the arguments of others or the frequently threatened action of the Episcopal Church of America.

IN no country is there such unceasing electoral ferment as in the United States. An election of some sort is always going on there. Now it is the quadrennial "tussle" for the majority of Greater New York. This contest is rendered unusually interesting by the new revelations of an old state of affairs—the rottenness of the police force—followed by one of those periodical awakenings of the public conscience which occur every few years in New York, but which never seem to lead to cleaner or more efficient city government. In 1897 the vote was split up between four leading candidates, although there were altogether eight in the field. Had the support divided between Low, Tracy and George in that contest been united upon one candidate, Van Wyck, the Tammany Democrat, would not have administered the affairs of the third greatest city in the world during the last four years. This year there seems to be greater unity in the anti-Tammany forces and a correspondingly greater prospect of success. Seth Low, the president of Columbia University, and former Mayor of Brooklyn, has again been nominated by the Citizens' Union and has also been endorsed by the Republicans and anti-Tammany Democrats. Low is a man of great inherited wealth and of social position, but, it is said, of very mediocre ability. His administration of Brooklyn has been criticized as colorless. Tammany Hall, as it always does when there is a possibility of defeat, has put up a man of ability and unimpeachable private character. Edward M. Shepard, the Croker candidate, was until recently an outspoken opponent of the methods of the present New York administration, but the offer of the Tammany nomination seems to have worked a miracle in Mr. Shepard's views. As usual in elections, both sides are boastful, and to all appearances confident of victory. It has to be borne in mind, however, that nowhere is there so much quiet knifeing done by the political bosses as in New York. Boss Croker and Boss Platt are not above a secret understanding with each other if their ends cannot be served by "fighting square." The Republican boss has endorsed Low, but there is a suspicion that he may yet knife him—that instructions were perhaps passed along the line of the Republican organization to endorse the reform candidate merely as a preliminary to handing him over to the enemy, a service for which the Platt crowd would receive a sufficient quid pro quo from the Croker crowd on some other occasion.

GREATER than the effects of the Royal tour on the people of the countries visited will be its effect on the Duke and Duchess themselves. No heir to a throne in all history ever made, or could have possibly made, so lengthy a progress under the shadow of his own flag. The imagination of the people has been fired, but the imagination of the Duke and Duchess themselves must have been awakened to the extent and possibilities of the Empire as they never could have been by reading books or studying maps. The tour ought to have proved an education for the young couple in a very real sense—such an education as none of their uncles, aunts or cousins on the thrones of Europe have had the opportunity to acquire. The Duke should be, and doubtless is now, one of the broadest public men in the world, for after all there is no culture superior to that acquired through seeing many lands and all kinds of people.

THE idea of changing Queen's avenue to Cornwall avenue, which is one of the dinky notions of that over-eager outfit which has been sprawling all over itself to get into sight as friends of H.R.H. the Duke, is even sillier than the invitation, which Major Maude turned down, that the Royal party, on their return from Niagara, should pause here for a few minutes while Toronto reared itself on its hind legs and gave a farewell howl. Everybody has heard enough of how H.R.H. took a fancy to the button on the breeches of a veteran, and how the Duchess begged to have it as a souvenir. These things were all right during the celebration, but now that it is over let us leave old Queen's avenue bearing the name which it bore through so many years of her late Majesty's reign, and spare us any further boastfully modest mentions of what the Duke whispered into Mr. Geewhimpl's ear congratulating him on the color of his vest, or how H.R.H. the Duchess insisted on having the pattern of somebody's dress that she might have one made like it when she got home.

SUPERSTITION, that indefinable but potent thing which has come down to us through our forefathers from the days of idolatry, still shapes the movements of the majority of mankind to an extent to which we would hardly like to confess, but that presumably influential and intelligent body of Englishmen known as the Scarborough Harbor Commissioners have admitted themselves scared of at least one bugaboo. It was recently reorganized, and when the commissioners met and discovered that thirteen members had been placed on the board they rose up with one accord and refused to take chances of being dead before the end of the year—that being the traditional fate of men who are unwise and wicked enough to repudiate the deadly effect of being one of the number thirteen. Probably one of them went out and stood in the hall while the other twelve unanimously voted—as they did—in favor of either an increase or a decrease of the number of commissioners. It seems startlingly silly for grown men, and business men at that, to be frightened of such a silly ghost as the superstition against the "ghastly thirteen." Yet there are no worse than probably millions of others who regularly refuse to make one of a party of that fateful number. Many hotels have no bedroom numbered thirteen, and in London it is said that there are a number of men always dread about the ordinary dinner hour ready to be called to the houses of swells in order to prevent the table being surrounded by



A REMARKABLE PICTURE—ILLUMINATIONS AS SEEN FROM THE ROOF OF SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING.

(This photograph was taken by Mr. Fred Booth. To the left is Osgoode Hall, in the center the Temple Building, and to the right the City Hall with illuminated designs and search-lights.)

not time to bother with Dr. Ferguson, the school trustees, or even the schools themselves. While it is probably impossible for any man to be as great as Mr. Hughes evidently thinks he is, he is admittedly popular with the schoolchildren and the majority of the teachers; great at a tea-meeting, and said not only to have a political bee in his bonnet, but considerable pull with the small fry of politicians, and quite a grip in the lodges. His record as a great educationist seems to consist mostly of a few carefully prepared lectures which he gives in good style at various points, mostly outside of Toronto, and a frequent attendance at teachers' conventions, both here and in the United States. This does not constitute a great educationist, nor entitle him to speak disrespectfully of any public-spirited citizen who, at great expense of time and labor, gathers together such an overwhelming array of facts concerning our Public Schools as was presented to the public by Dr. Ferguson. Not only is the much-respected writer of the letters which irritated Inspector Hughes entitled to the greatest possible consideration, but the parents of the schoolchildren of this city are entitled to a thorough and courteous explanation of what appears to be open to criticism. Moreover, it should be remembered that Dr. Ferguson is one who supports the Public Schools and is not supported by them, and it would be prudent for the Inspector to remember that he is not the proprietor of the schools, but simply the inspector of them, a difference which has apparently escaped his notice.

THE capture by brigands of Miss Stone, who has been a missionary in the Balkan provinces for some twenty-seven years, and the subsequent demand for a ransom of £25,000, furnished the readers of newspapers with a story almost as thrilling as a chapter from an historical romance. The United States Government, when asked to ransom Miss Stone, whose life was threatened if the money was not forthcoming, was forced to reply that it had no money which could be applied to such a purpose. The missionary society under whose management Miss Stone's labors had been conducted, has been making every effort to secure the amount by subscription, and though the time allowed by the brigands has been extended, the raising of the full amount has not yet been reported. A letter from Miss Stone and one from her fellow-captive have been received, asking that the Turkish and Bulgarian troops should not be allowed to surround the bandits lest the captives be killed. The United States Legation at Constantinople have consequently requested the Minister of Foreign Affairs to recall the troops to prevent Miss Stone being murdered.

Just what ought to be done under these circumstances, it is no doubt difficult to decide, though each one of us, if we were captives under similar conditions and threatened with being murdered, would raise a great outcry for the collection of the stipulated ransom. There is probably a higher plane upon which the whole matter should be placed than the mere desire of the captive to escape a dreadful fate and obtain liberty. As these brigands demand that not only shall the money be paid, but that they shall be mili-

soms, and the making of the missionary's principles a jest amongst the rough people amongst whom she labored. If the ransom is to be paid and the guarantee given with an idea that after Miss Stone is safe from the fate with which she is threatened the authorities may promptly step in, pursue these scoundrels to their lair and inflict dire punishment upon them, then those eager for Miss Stone's release are playing an inexcusably treacherous part. If, however, being a missionary does not involve the sacrifice which Miss Stone would have to make if she did not consent to the terms of her captors, then the transaction would be as fair as any of those forced levies which are made by bandits on travelling merchants and distinguished tourists. I am afraid the majority of us who feel intense sympathy for Miss Stone and would like to see her released at any price, have some lingering belief that the bandits will be punished anyhow, no matter what bargain is made with them, while in the meantime there is nothing to be done but to get the missionary out of her trouble. This is, no doubt, the way a detective would look at it, but really would it be—Christianity?

THE Synod of the Episcopal Church of America, in session in San Francisco, has again been considering the remarriage of divorced persons "for causes not arising previous to their former marriage," and has decided to leave the matter alone. There has been an immense amount of discussion in the Anglican Church parliaments over this point. Those divorced persons who would have been refused by Anglican clergymen had the canon been passed, would have always been able to contract a civil marriage, and it seems very unlikely that anywhere in the United States they would have been unable to obtain a minister in good standing to perform the ceremony. And why not? There is no law of God or man to force a man or woman divorced on Scriptural grounds to live unwed for the remainder of life. If the State were to forbid such remarriages and lawful union could not be made between a man and a woman, one of whom had been divorced, then some other country would be sought in which such a marriage would be legal, or an unsanctified partnership would result. I am by no means a believer in promiscuous divorces or a sundering of the marriage tie for trivial offences, for to my mind nothing but an absolute impossibility of continued marital relations, demonstrated to be such after every attempt to live happily together has failed, should be a sufficient ground for an appeal to the divorce court, and British law in the home and stronghold of the Episcopal Church tolerates divorces for certain reasons and legalizes remarriages thereafter.

The attempt of the chief men of the Episcopal Church of America, as reported from San Francisco, is doubtless nothing but a reaction caused by the ease with which divorces are obtained in the majority of the States of the Union. The unconcealed and premeditated remarriage which is so often in evidence when a divorce is obtained, the loose conduct of the defendant or the plaintiff, or of both, and the weakening of family ties caused by the ease with which a household can be dismembered and reas-

this tabooed number, and these professional diners not only get fed, but paid, to prevent faint-hearted guests from losing their appetites through fear. I have known otherwise sane men count the number of occupants in a railroad carriage, and if there were thirteen in all they would move into another coach. I remember once in a Western city having my attention called in the dining-room of a hotel to the fact that there were thirteen of us at the table, and someone immediately exclaimed that it was the thirteenth of the month. A man apparently sound in body and mind was so struck by the conjunction of the numbers that he got up and moved to another table. When I went up to my room after dinner I discovered that I was in No. 13. This coincidence rather startled me for a moment, and when next morning I told it to the man who had moved from the table, he took my address and gave me his. I heard from him at the end of the year, but never answered his letter, and ever since then I suppose he has been telling how death overtook a man who was blasphemous enough to doubt the fatality of the three thirteens that hit him all on the one day.

To many of those to whom the number thirteen is not awe-inspiring, some other equally silly superstition appeals with equal force. I am not without my little list of things to avoid if I wish to be lucky, and from long habit they have got to have a certain amount of meaning. I always put on my right shoe first, and if by chance I happen to give the left one the preference I am inclined to wonder in what particular place I will stub my toe that day against bad luck of some sort. I never go under a ladder, partly because I am afraid a brick will fall down on me, but I never avoid it without accusing myself of being afraid of the bad luck which is said to follow any carelessness in such a serious matter. If we separated the reasonable impulses which guide us from superstitions, even those who most persistently boast of being free from all such ghost-ridden notions would find that no day ever passes without at least a faint recognition of some fool thing which we picked up no one knows where.

Social and Personal.



LOOKING back after a long enough time to take breath at the succession of events which marked the Royal visit here, one is forced to allow that never did so many various and interesting things happen in Toronto within the space of forty-eight hours. There was the arrival at North Toronto of the distinguished visitors in the rainy afternoon of Thursday, their welcome by the children with very excellent singing, their progress down the aristocratic thoroughfare, St. George street, and the pause to open the Alexandra gates, which are the only permanent structure to commemorate the Royal visit; the reception at the City Hall, and the subsequent gathering of those interested at Government House to present the gift of the women of Toronto to Her Royal Highness, Victoria May. This last affair was more or less of a muddle, owing to the weather and the want of accommodation for the crowd of subscribers who desired to see the reception of the gift by the Duchess. Very few achieved this, as it was impossible for daintily shod ladies to stand out upon the rain-soaked turf of the terrace, which had been intended to amply suffice for the scene of the gathering. After this ceremony, their Royal Highnesses had a short season of repose and five o'clock tea before making ready for the banquet given in their honor by the Lieutenant-Governor.

This latter was a remarkably pretty function, seven tables being arranged in the ball-room and each being surrounded by a very smart company. There was one table at which, I believe, nearly all of the guests were of the sterner sex. At the central oblong table were seated their Royal Highnesses, His Excellency and Lady Minto, the host and hostess, and a distinguished party. Four oblong tables in the shape of an X sprang from the four corners of the central table, and in the wide space at their far extremities a couple of round tables fitted cozily in. The company entered from the conservatory, which was carpeted in crimson and the middle doorway of which was arched with a trellis of smilax. The Royal coat-of-arms faced this doorway, mounted on a screen of deep crimson velvet on the wall, behind His Royal Highness's chair. The arms of Canada were over the arched doorway. Beyond the conservatory a marquee was set for the Queen's Own band, which played a splendid programme, beginning with The Reign of Peace march and ending with the United Empire march (both by A. W. Hughes), Mr. G. J. Timpon, bandmaster, conducting. The decorations of the Duke's table were pink roses, and the menu was excellently served. The final course was rather hurried through, as the guests of honor were due at the Royal concert.

This was mainly enjoyed by musicians and music-lovers after the Royal guests had arrived in time for the second part. Previous to that the huge audience was more or less distracted by watching for the expected Royalties and admiring the wonderful change wrought by Mr. Ricardo-Seaver's scheme of decoration in the vast hall. A Moorish screen and crimson velvet curtain cut off the whole stage and boxes, and a new stage was extended beyond for the singers. The footlights were unlit. All around the lower gallery a balcony garden of brilliant scarlet geraniums, palms and ferns bloomed brightly, and the Royal box was canopied with an open trellis of scarlet, hung with light laurel wreathing and red and white roses. A thousand yards of laurel dotted with red and white roses wreathed the hall, and the electric lights were crystallized with pale-tinted shades, alternating red, white and blue. The upper gallery was faced with scarlet, veiled in white lace and festooned with laurel. The Duke in his favorite Admiral's uniform, and the Duchess in one of her many rich black evening gowns, flashing with jewels—among which I fancy I saw those Montreal maple leaves—were soon seated where almost everyone could see them. The Duke clapped dutifully after every number, and I believe he really enjoys music. Lord and Lady Minto occupied a vice-regal box without a canopy, but cozily seated. Miss Mowat and her party were also in a special box. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier and the rest of the Ottawa visitors were either with the dinner party from Government House or with their hosts, prominently seated. Many admiring glances sought the place where was seated the former mistress of Government House, Lady Kirkpatrick, who came on from the dinner and looked perfectly stunning. Another beautiful woman, in black with jewels sparkling in her corsage, was Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne. The eyes of all the strangers were fixed on her, and much admiration was her meed while the cynosure of all eyes, the Duchess, had not yet absorbed our visitors' attention. Naturally with these distracting influences many a gazer did not get much satisfaction from the concert; and the various noisy bands, a fire engine, and so on, in the street, added to the impossibility of enjoying the singing of the famous Calve and the clever people with her. Excitement detracts from music's influences, and the vast audience was more or less disturbed all through.

On Friday morning the climatic conditions were more promising, and the splendid review at Exhibition Park was not marred by showers. The fog got in some exasperating work, but relented before all was done, and showed us our soldiery, our brave medal men, and our crowning glory, the gallant V.C. When His Royal Highness pinned the cross upon Major Cockburn's breast he sent the point of the pin into Major Cockburn's flesh, and they are telling a little story which the V.C. says is not a bit true, that His Royal Highness smiled and remarked, when the Major started at the puncture, "You would not shrink if it were



THE ALEXANDRA GATES, ERECTED BY DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE.

a Boer wound," and that the Major replied in his cool and contemplative way: "One considers the source, your Royal Highness." It sounds very like him, anyway. The Mayor had the city's sword, and handed it to the Duke, who presented it to Major Cockburn, and a wild yell of triumph burst from the watchful Body Guard as their officer received his well-earned honors. Most of the spectators in the grand stand were sublimely unconscious of what was transpiring, as the pavilion in which the Royal, vice-regal and gubernatorial party were seated was directly between the grand stand and the saluting point. The medals were then presented to a long file of returned warriors, and now and then some popular and recognized officer got a cheer as he marched into sight with a tiny white box in his hand. The scene when the fog rolled away and showed ranks on ranks of red and blue and rifle green—horse, foot and artillery—and the Duke and the staff trotting round the huge array inspecting, while the bands played the beautiful air, "Canada," a French-Canadian melody, was worthy of a lifelong memory. Worthy too of the clever shorthand sketching of Melton Prior, who was in the grand stand with Mrs. Keeble Merritt and Miss Raymond. Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tait and Miss Wynn Tait were in the Royal enclosure with the Mayor and several other privileged persons. Then came the march past, with the bands playing each regiment's own regimental tune. Then it was that the Ottawa Body Guard "took the cake!" Such a smart lot of riders, such a fine lot of horses, and such a well-going outfit altogether Toronto has never seen before. The Duke sat Colonel Pellatt's white charger like a sailor man, and I don't believe he is an accomplished rider, but sailors rather glory in being "queer" on horseback. The noble horse which carried Royalty through all its equestrian experiences in Canada is a thoroughly trained and splendidly bred beast, and the Duke made suitable acknowledgment of its services to its gallant master just before he left Toronto, by sending for him to his train and with many thanks presenting him with a Royal scarf-pin, a sort of epidemic gift acknowledging personal attentions which is sticking up all along the Royal route. The charger went to Halifax also for the Duke's use during the review there this week. After the march past the Duke and his party of jingling, clanking horsemen clattered off to the city, and the Duchess, Lady Minto, Lady Laurier and the rest of the pavilion party drove to Government House. A rather amusing occurrence was the stentorian roar of "Sit down!" from the back seats of the grand stand as soon as Her Royal Highness stood up to go. The command was not, however, a gentle hint that the shouters desired her further presence, but a protest against the proper demeanor of the front rows, who knew better than to remain seated when Her Royal Highness was standing. Even one blue-coat ordered a couple of old ladies to sit down, but was gently "sorted" and retired with a grin and salute, vanquished.

The functions of Friday afternoon included a tree-planting in the Queen's Park, which was a general bungle, and would have been a complete fiasco if that ever-ready Duke and Duchess had not taken the affair into their own hands; the Duke also took in hand a spade, and shovelled some earth about the roots of the bonny little maple tree which will perpetuate memories of his visit in the region of the Queen's Park. The conferring of a degree by 'Varsity upon His Royal Highness was the next step in the afternoon's programme, and was one of the most interesting functions of the visit, principally because it gave the Duke a good chance to show that he is a "handy man" with his tongue and can turn off an excellent speech in that charming voice which is a gift of the Royal family of England. I have no surprise in hearing the comments, editorial and otherwise, which have emphasized the fact that drawl or broad "a" is not quite necessary to high-toned English, but nevertheless some very elegant and high-class people in England use both quite naturally, as visitors will remember. The Duke's voice carries a long way. Down in Ottawa I heard him far across the terrace at Parliament Hill in the lovely clear Ottawa air, when he acknowledged the welcome of the Mayor and citizens in a capital little speech. After the 'Varsity function the Duke and Duchess went home for a short rest before the banquet given by the Governor-General at Parliament Buildings, and the real ordeal of a two-hours' hand-shaking afterwards. The avenue and park were jammed with people after dark, and the guests at the banquet were cheered as they drove past in close carriages, only the escort betraying which was the Royal pair. The arch before the entrance to the park, so hideous by day, was really quite beautiful when illuminated and dressed with flags, and the Parliament Buildings were a blaze of brilliancy. The banquet was set in the corridor, and the impression was of a beautiful glow of crimson and silver and feathery green as one saw the stately board. An immensely long table, with a bulge in circular shape at its central point, where the Royalties and Excellencies sat, was done in deep red. Silver candelabra, ferns and red roses, red bonbons, and so on, were used with splendid effect. The Governor-General's banquet was very well done indeed, and the music was Mr. Slatter's best from the band of the 48th Highlanders. The names of the guests at the two banquets are recorded elsewhere.

About half-past nine the august personages made a move to the presence chamber, preceded by those having the entree, who were grouped within the room at the left of the entrance, after having run the gauntlet of an admiring crowd in the corridor outside. The press gallery held a dozen or so of ladies and gentlemen connected with the various papers, and who certainly had the advantage of seeing the reception from start to finish in great comfort. First and most noticeable downstairs was that remarkably handsome man, Chief Sherwood of Ottawa, who has the burden



VERANDAH ON WHICH THE PRESENTATION TO THE DUCHESS TOOK PLACE.

of ensuring absolute safety to the person of his future Sovereign, and that, in view of the recent startling tragedy among our neighbors, is no small load of care. Then came Mr. Arthur Guise, who knows how things should go at these functions, and who was the delight of the crowd who had not seen his court habiliments before. The officers who were deputed to form the avenue through which the hosts and their guests arrived, came in and formed their lines. Then the Royal couple were admitted, followed by their hosts and suites, a very imposing sight for those in the press gallery, who were the sole spectators. Then before the throne bowed a seemingly line of officers all in a row, and up the chamber came Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Hon. William Mulock, his right hand in its sling, Mrs. Mulock, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Miss Fielding, bishops and officers, matrons and maids, Cabinet Ministers and Senators, judges, a courtly figure, Mr. Thomas Hodgins, with silver hair and beard, one at a time, to shake hands with their Royal Highnesses and bow to His Excellency and Lady Minto. The Governor-General and Lady Minto did not stand one step higher, as they did at Ottawa, and were consequently treated to a good many handshakes as well. The "queue" was admitted as soon as the special entree was over, and then began the most extraordinary mix-up which an Imperial function ever afforded. When everyone had a right to present themselves this was to a certain extent inevitable. It was certainly sufficiently surprising to rob the function of any tediousness or monotony. Evening dress was the iron regulation beforehand. That word will hereafter have an extended meaning, ranging anywhere from white pique or lavender gingham in plaids to a filmy French gauze over regal white satin. Many of our most prominent women were preceded and followed by girls in short frocks—one small person from Shea's had hers so short that one would have thought there was "a freshet in London." I hear that two small colored persons were present at the reception, with their kinks trimly tied up with red, white and blue ribbons. There were heaps of visitors from neighboring cities. A brilliant group of women from Hamilton, that city where the present King of England said he saw the best dressed women, came to revive or reproduce that impression in the King's only son. The only Toronto member of this party was a noble-looking figure in a lovely grey gown, rich and stately, Mrs. John D. Hay. Among the matrons, Lady Kirkpatrick was regal in a lovely black gown with many jewels. Lady Howland also wore black, and brought her sweet-faced daughter, Miss Bessie Bethune, in white silk and violets. I heard that Sir William Howland, who seems to be endowed with the elixir of life, was also present. Very pretty cutseys were made by Mrs. Melvin-Jones and her fair daughter, the elder lady looking very nice in a sumptuous white and black gown, her neck and arms like snow and of girlish plumpness. Mrs. John Cawthra looked very sweet in a dainty gown, but, like a good many others, had rather a trying time to get in at all. Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Bertie Cawthra, had a pretty and very smart gown of white and black. This description of a frock may sound bald and tame, but it is impossible to give details of a millinery nature. All gowns did not "look alike," and the possibilities for effect in the simple grey, black, white and lavender were only limited by the skill of the modiste or the wealth and chic of the wearer. There were white gowns that looked like dreams of spirit land, so dainty, perishable, ethereal they were, and also white gowns that needed the weekly offices of the nymph of hot and soapy water. And there were all sorts of mauve frocks, grey frocks, black and white frocks. A dainty little black point d'esprit over white silk was worn by Mrs. Forester, wife of Major Forester, A.D.C. Mrs. Watson of Hamilton wore a sweet grey satin gown and brought a fair young daughter to the reception. I fancy the dress of Her Royal Highness was the same black satin with ribbon and orders and crown of diamonds which she wore at Ottawa. In the case of the Royal lady one considers first the lovely way she wears her gowns, for her bearing and every motion are full of distinction. Lady Minto wore one of her pretty white gowns, soft and sweeping, and though she looked a bit weary before the ordeal was over, had her prettiest smile for her friends as she went away. The Duke wore his Admiral's uniform, which is the most stunning of his many glad clothes. His Serene Highness Prince Alexander of Teck, whom some of the papers persistently call the Duke of Teck, as if the elder son, "Dolly," were no more, was a gorgeous person in his fine uniform and dandy long boots. He has an eye, has His Serene Highness, and once or twice things almost overcame his imperturbability. Mrs. Maude was one of the pretty women on the dais, and that most hard-worked, much abused and fine administrator, Major Maude, found his voice utterly wrecked by many shoutings of names.

The stream of guests attending the reception was uninterrupted until after twelve o'clock, an unheard-of thing in this city, and at last the word was passed down the line to close the doors, that the reception was over. It was obeyed, though had the officers looked out and seen only a baker's dozen of faithful patient souls waiting their tardy entrance, they would have let them in also. This was quite a pathetic finale, and those were pretty warm people who made a rush for the cloak-room to smother their chagrin, cover up their carefully guarded finery and get away home, regretting that they had not pushed and scrooged with the worst. I met a couple of these pretty women in crisp white gowns, and their stony stare quite froze me, as they made a dash for their cloaks, while another, less controlled, wept hysterically as she climbed into her eight-dollar cab. But as old Kaspar says, "Things like these, you know, must be," however much regretted. The corridor was cleared and the police formed a line. The officers came out in restored chirpiness and relief. The Royal couple followed, looking, I vow, as fresh, and that wonderful Duchess as bright and composed, as if the last two or three hours had been a dream of uninterrupted happiness and repose. Some of the crowd lingered until nearly one o'clock to have the curious satisfaction of seeing the escort and the closed carriage whisk by, and the Royal visit was practically over. The next morning a few people saw the Duke and Duchess off to the Falls, and a huge crowd lined the streets in the vicinity of Government House as well.

There have been various questions sent to these columns regarding the family, age and private affairs of the Royal pair, which can be answered by anyone glancing into Burke or any of the handy little books which keep track of celebrities. Twenty women or more have asked the age of the Duchess, which is thirty-four last June—the 26th, I believe, being her natal day. In being spoken to about the fatigue of her voyage, the energetic Duchess remarked, "It is not so soon over as you imply. We still have India before us." The Duke has been, I observe, getting a few tokens of respect, a silver-mounted hello-box from Brantford, to which surely no Central with ever such a big pompadour will dare to say "line's busy;" he saw the gold rivet driven by his father, and received a souvenir volume, a gold rivet to remember Victoria Bridge, and an honorary membership in the Niagara Golf Club. Souvenirs are piling up on the Duchess at a rate which reflects great credit on the gallantry of Canadians, and she seems thoroughly to enjoy this sort of homage, even annexing a cup and saucer from the "Kingston," and a gold replica of Alderman Cox's reception badge. Let us hope that she won't do as we ordinary mortals are apt to do with "souvenirs" very shortly after we get home!

Mrs. J. Edward Starr and her sister, Miss Graham, will receive at 881 Markham street on next Thursday and Thursdays following.

Mrs. Bull of Avenue road gave a pretty tea for her sister, Miss Brennan of Hamilton, yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Coulson gave a dinner party on Thursday evening.



WM. STITT & CO.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

The latest materials in Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-Made Dresses. Fancy materials for afternoon, evening and dinner gowns.

MILLINERY

Original Designs and Models in Hats and Bonnets.

GLOVES

Novelties for Street and Evening wear.

CORSETS

La Grecque and Lattice Ribbon corsets.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

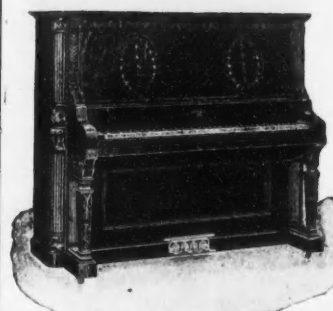
11 & 13 King St. East

Tel. Main 888.

TORONTO

"A ROYAL PIANO."

PATRONIZED by Royalty and the Nobility, endorsed by many of the most eminent musicians of the day—finding honored place in the most cultured Canadian homes—within the reach of the moderately circumstanced—possessing SPECIAL AND EXCLUSIVE FEATURES which, combined, make it as near to the IDEAL, the PERFECT, as any piano has ever reached—That briefly describes the Modern Art Bell Piano of 1902.



The New "ART BELL" Series 1902

A ROYAL PIANO.—"All day long and far into the night music filled the warerooms, and all in attendance had a treat which they will long remember with pleasure. By the way, 'The Bell' is a royal instrument... and it was, therefore, quite appropriate that it should in some measure share in the honors done to Royalty."—From the "Star" Royal Reception Report.

BEAUTIFUL AND TUNEFUL.—"The Bell" is one of the most beautiful as well as tuneful pianos that the age has produced. That 'Bell' instruments should be patronized by Royalty and the nobility and endorsed by eminent professors of music is not to be wondered at. The "Mail and Empire."

THE BELL ORGAN & PIANO CO., Limited
Branches and Agencies all over the World.
Toronto Home of the Bell—146 YONGE STREET.

GOWANS KENT & CO

WE ARE MAKERS OF...

Rich Cut Glass

Our staff of expert workmen are producing even more brilliant effects in Cut Glass than any other factory in America.

If Cut Glass has not brilliancy it has nothing.

Ask for Canadian Cut Glass and you will get ours, because we are the only cutters in Canada.

14-16 FRONT ST. E.



We make a Specialty of

Elegantly Trimmed

Dress

Hats

AT

\$5 and \$7.50

No such values in Canada.

McKENDRY &

CO., 226 and 228

ROBEE ST.

ROSES ROSES ROSES

The Choicest Perfection in Every Variety

Dunlop's

Send for Descriptive Price-list

5 KING WEST

445 YONGE STREET

MANTELS AND GRATES

NOW IS THE TIME TO MAKE PREPARATIONS FOR THE WINTER SEASON. ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY GIVEN ON : : :

TILING

GRATES

GAS LOGS, FIRE SETS, Etc.

RICE LEWIS & SON
TORONTO LIMITED



Autumn Styles 1901

Millinery---Mantles

Silks---Laces

Lace Jackets and Collars

Lace and Chiffon Ruffs

French Printed Flannels

Fancy Stripe Rowan Rugs

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED

JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street--opposite the Post-Office,
TORONTO

Brandies, Whiskies,

Clarets and Burgundies

GEO. W. COOLEY

567 Yonge Street,

Telephone North 89 Toronto

Flour Danger

Prof. Albert J. Bellows, M.D., the famous chemist and physiologist, declares that the arch-enemy never devised a more effective plan for tormenting and devouring the human race than the scheme of robbing wheat flour of its nitrogenous and phosphoric elements, and all the great scientists, and doctors, too, condemn white flour eating. Better eat Nature's food as Nature made it, with all the fourteen natural nutrients unimpaired--**HEBBER'S WHEAT BISCUITS.**

Drop a postal (don't send stamp) for a book of Food Facts and Food Values.

Natural Food Co.

61 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO
shredded Wheat for sale by all Grocers.

CHEAP Rubber Goods

may be had at any store, but in most places cheapness indicates inferior goods. In offering our goods to the public we combine cheapness and quality, giving a good article with a guarantee at a very low figure.

**HOT WATER BOTTLES
FOUNTAIN SYRINGES
ENEMA'S**

These goods, with ordinary care, we guarantee to last a year. Call and examine them.

The HOOPER Co.

43 and 45 KING ST. WEST.

"At Home,"
Afternoon Tea
and Dinner Cards

Very choice designs in Children's Note-Paper and Party Invitations. Wedding Invitations and Announcements.

MISS E. PORTER

Stationery Department, Ladies' Work Depository
47 KING STREET WEST



By Appointment Caterers to His
Excellency the Governor-General.

Successful Catering

Requires a large stock, long experience and ample facilities. The fact that we have all of these makes it easy to give complete satisfaction. No order is too large and none too small to receive faithful attention.

The HARRY WEBB Co.

447 Yonge St., Toronto

Social and Personal.

His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto and the following ladies and gentlemen had the honor of being invited to dine at Government House on Thursday, October 10, to meet Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, besides Their Royal Highnesses' household and suite: Major and Mrs. Maude, Miss Alice Grenfell, Captain H. C. Graham, A.D.C., Captain Bell, A.D.C., Mr. Guise, Mr. Sladen, Mr. Percival, Lieutenant-Colonel Sherwood, Major Forester, A.D.C., the Archbishop of Toronto and his secretary, the Bishop of Niagara and Mrs. Dumoulin, Rev. Armstrong Black and Mrs. Black, Rev. G. M. Milligan, Rev. John and Mrs. Potts, the Premier of Ontario and Mrs. Ross, the Provincial Secretary and Mrs. Stratton, the Attorney-General and Mrs. Gibson, the Commissioner of Public Works and Mrs. Latchford, the Commissioner of Crown Lands and Mrs. Davis, the Minister of Education and Mrs. Harcourt, the Minister of Agriculture and Mrs. Dryden, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Osler, Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacLennan, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Moss, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Lister, the Premier of Canada and Lady Laurier, the President of Toronto University and Mrs. Loudon, Mr. and Mrs. Marter, Mr. and Mrs. James Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly and Madame Evans, Lieutenant-Colonel George T. and Mrs. Denison, the District Officer Commanding and Mrs. Otter, Colonel and Mrs. Buchan, Mr. Aemilius Irving, treasurer of the Law Society; the Commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and Mrs. Gooderham, the Chairman of the Reception Committee and Mrs. Cox, His Worship the Mayor of Toronto, Sir Thomas and Lady Taylor, Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Law, Miss Campbell of Carbrook, Miss Gzowski, Mr. Sheriff Widdfield, Captain John Denison, Royal Navy; the Minister of Finance and Mrs. Fielding, Miss Street, Miss Cawthra of Yeaton Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Osler, the Officer in Command of Their Royal Highnesses' Escort, the Officer in Command of Their Excellencies' Escort, the Officer in Command of the Guard of Honor, the Officer of the Guard, Lady Thompson, Miss Daisy Patterson and Brigadier-General Bresler.

A state banquet to one hundred guests was given by His Excellency the Governor-General at Parliament Buildings on Friday evening, at which those bidden had the honor of dining with Their Royal Highnesses. The table was a huge one, arranged with a circular central table, from which sprang two long tables. At the central table were the Duke of Cornwall and York, with Sir Oliver Mowat on his right hand and the Countess of Minto on his left, and opposite the Duchess of Cornwall and York, with Miss Mowat beside her on the right and His Excellency the Governor-General on the left. The other guests were Lady Mary Lygon, Hon. Mrs. Derek Keppel, Lord Wenlock, Lieut.-Col. Sir Arthur Bigge, Commander Sir Charles Cust, Hon. Derek Keppel, Rev. Canon Dalton, Sir John Anderson, Sir Donald Wallace, Commander B. Godfrey Faussett, Major J. H. Bor, Capt. Viscount Crichton, Lieutenant the Duke of Roxborough, Dr. A. Manby, Major Denison, Mrs. Maude, Miss Alice Grenfell, Major Maude, Captain H. C. Graham, Capt. A. C. Bell, Mr. Arthur Guise, Mr. Arthur T. Sladen, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, the Archbishop O'Connor, the Bishop of Toronto, Hon. William Mulock and Mrs. Mulock, Hon. George W. Ross and Mrs. Ross, Sir John Boyd, Chief Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, Chief Justice Sir William Meredith and Lady Meredith, Chief Justice Armour, Sir W. P. Howland and Lady Howland, Hon. J. C. Atkins, Hon. George E. Foster and Mrs. Foster, Major-General and Mrs. O'Grady-Haly, the Hon. J. O'Donohue, Senator and Mrs. Cox, Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Senator Atkins, Rev. Dr. Carman and Mrs. Carman, Rev. R. Warden and Mrs. Warden, Dr. Parkin, the Mayor of Toronto, Mrs. Keeble Merritt, Lieut.-Col. C. and Mrs. Denison, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Gibson, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Peters, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Drury, Lieut.-Col. Lessard, Lieut.-Col. Sherwood, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Grassett, Commander and Mrs. Law, Sir Thomas and Lady Shaugnessy, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Baker, Major and Mrs. Forester, Mr. John Joseph Pope, Brigadier-General Bresler, Hon. C. Bresler.

On Friday afternoon His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York was given a degree by Toronto Varsity, which ceremony, I am told, was one of the most interesting of his entire visit. As Varsity went back on me in the matter of an invitation to see this pleasant affair, I have but the report of my friends for the matter and manner of His Royal Highness's address, which seems to have been all that was delightful, even to the utterance of a small joke on his Royal papa, which was quite a clever little bit of pleasantry.

After the degree-conferring His Worship the Mayor gave a very pretty and well arranged tea at his residence, 87 St. George street, which is reached by a garden gate from Varsity lawn. Invitations were almost entirely confined to the Varsity set. Mrs. Merritt and His Worship received, and the affair was honored by the attendance of His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Minto, who were attended by Major Maude and Captain Bell, A.D.C., and were, as usual, perfectly cordial and charming to the select little party. Beside the professors and their wives and daughters, were present Lady Laurier, Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. and Miss Nordheimer of Gleneddyth, Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. Justice Street, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Moss, Provost and Mrs. Welch, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Mortimer Clark, the Principal of Knox College and Mrs. Caven, Dr. and Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson, Mrs. Macdougall of Carlton Lodge, Mrs. Lawrence Buchanan, Mrs. Lount, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Dr. and Mrs. Huyck Garrair, Dr. Neilson, Mr. Ronald Cockburn, A.D.C. The military escort of His Excellency lined up on St. George street and looked very martial and imposing. Miss Randolph, who accompanied Mrs. Merritt to Toronto, was a very much admired young lady at the tea. Mrs. Merritt wore smoke-gray

crepe de chine, touched with black and white, and a black hat. His Worship was urbanity itself, and certainly makes a splendid host. Lady Minto wore a white gown, with tucks from belt to knee, and touches of black, a pretty Eton effect on the bodice, and a wide-brimmed black hat shading her mignonette face. A fluffy ruff, the last inevitable touch to modish frocks, and a few pink carnations, were worn by Lady Minto. The buffet was set in a roomy marquee on the lawn, and an orchestra played some pretty music during the afternoon. I heard a gourmet very eloquently recommending a trial of delicious frozen coffee, served with whipped cream, a new wrinkle in delicatessen which Mrs. Merritt introduced to her caterer for this tea.

The Rev. Beverley Smith and Mrs. Smith (nee Caldecott) are to reside in Chatham, where the rectory of Holy Trinity will be their home. Chathamites are to be congratulated upon having secured this very clever young Irishman for parochial work, and his very winning personality will no doubt make him as popular there as he has been in Toronto. Mrs. Smith is a treasure of a person's wife, having been born and bred in a family notably devoted to every good work.

A few weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Lamb took up their residence at 82 St. George street, where Mrs. Lamb receives on Tuesdays. Mr. Lamb is a civil engineer, and was married some time ago to Miss Birmingham of Kingston. Another Miss Birmingham was the wife of Hon. Mr. Hart, and Mrs. Lamb has also some family connections in Toronto. She is a very bright and charming woman.

One of the new hostesses on the East Side is Mrs. Timmerman, who is settled in the pleasant home formerly occupied by Mr. Nicholls, at present living at The Homewood. Mrs. Timmerman was a Miss Drinkwater of Montreal, and is a most decided acquisition to Toronto society, and has already brightened many functions with her presence. She has her sister, Mrs. Allen Mackenzie, at present with her.

Mrs. Goldie Kirkpatrick gave a progressive euchre last evening at her home in Coolmine road. Miss Colley Foster gave a euchre party on Wednesday evening at her home in Grosvenor street. On Thursday afternoon Mr. Castelli Hopkins gave a tea in honor of Mrs. Keeble Merritt and Miss Randolph of Morristown, N.J. Mrs. and Miss Daisy Plummer of Barrie came down last week for the Royal visit and the opera, and were the guests of Mrs. Harrison of Madison avenue.

A great many items have been printed about the De Blaquiere family since a rumor became current that Lord De Blaquiere was to succeed Lord Minto at Rideau. An epidemic of canards has struck the papers, and several prominent persons have been reported in a resigned or resigning humor. His Excellency, General O'Grady-Haly and the Minister of Militia have in turn been announced as afflicted with "cold feet." One is fain to wonder how long the list will be made before some other exciting rumor occurs to the paragonists. Referring to the De Blaquieres, it is not perhaps generally known that one big house on the East Side was built by Lord De Blaquiere, and his crest still stands in stone over its entrance doors.

The Ottawa contingent who came to Toronto for the Royal visit was a strong one. Their Excellencies brought a large party with them. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier and Miss Thompson were the guests of Senator and Mrs. George A. Cox. Dr. Borden and his very sweet daughter were the guests of Colonel Bellatt, Hon. W. Fielding and the Messrs. Fielding were domiciled at the Rossin House. General O'Grady-Haly and Mrs. O'Grady-Haly and Mr. Ronald Cockburn, A.D.C., were at the Queen's, and upon Review Day the Ottawa mounted men were quite the smartest body of soldiers who passed the saluting point on the Exhibition Grounds.

A little shadow fell upon the Rideau Hall party on Friday, when, after the dinner given by His Excellency at Parliament Buildings, the time came to say good-bye to Captain Graham, who has been Lord Minto's A.D.C. and a most popular and clever member of the household at Rideau, and who was leav-

DIAMOND HALL Your "Home" Name

We are glad to find that the good old English custom of giving a suitable name to the family home is rapidly coming into favor here.

We can emboss this upon our paper and envelopes.

The die necessary for "The Gables," "Farleigh," "Marshfield," or such other name as you desire will only cost you about \$2 and will last a lifetime.

RYRIE BROS
118 120 122 124 YONGE ST.
TORONTO

The King Quality ...Shoe



A shoe worn by well dressed people made to sell at a price within the reach of all.

Uppers are made of all leathers--kid, box-calf and patent leathers. Soles are made of the best oak tan leather and are very flexible.

All the new designs. Price stamped on every pair.

We are special agents.

E. L. Kingsley & Co.
186 YONGE STREET

The Season's Requirements...

WE try to keep up-to-date with the requirements for the social season.

AS a reminder--we would suggest that we keep always in stock--

Tally Cards

(Latest designs)

Playing Cards

(Per pack or dozen)

(Special rates to clubs)

Playing-Card Cases

"Progressive" Prizes

(Many novel specialties)

WE also furnish from stock, or to order

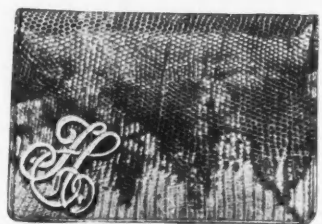
Invitation Cards

Dance Programmes

Name Cards, etc., etc.

The Bain Book & Stationery Co.
96 Yonge St., - Toronto.
Phone--M. 1680.

A Dainty and Useful Remembrance



Is a Ladies'
Combination Purse
and Card-Case

We have a rich display in all the fine leathers.

REAL ALLIGATOR REAL LIZARD

REAL WALRUS REAL SEAL

REAL SEA LION

Our designs are new and finished in perfect taste.

Samples of Leather sent if desired.

Our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, No. 88, will enable you to order by mail.

The JULIAN SALE

Leather Goods Co., Limited

105 King Street West

A Good Impression
Is Important

YOU can make it by improving your personal appearance.

I do the most expert work in Face and Hair treatment, Massaging and Manicuring.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, which every lady abhors, permanently removed. No pain or marks.

VAPOR BATHS--Try them.

Phone--Main 3439.

Madam Lytell

335 JARVIS ST.

ing by the evening train. Captain Graham has gone to rejoin his regiment, and his bright, merry company will be much missed by all at Ottawa. His ready wit and pleasant literary gifts were main factors in the success of the delightful theatricals at Government House before the Queen's decease had sent her representatives into mourning.

The Metropolitan School of Dancing enjoys the distinction of being the only school of its kind in Canada, and the satisfactory results of past seasons testify strongly in its favor. The methods of instruction are based on a thoroughly scientific and practical knowledge of the art of dancing, acquired by persevering study and practice, and years of successful teaching, insuring to pupils the most rapid progress and satisfactory results. The school is under the direct personal supervision of Mr. M. J. Sage.

Phone North-981
Denison
Costumer
52 Carlton St.
TORONTO, Ont.
Under the management of
Mrs. Denison,
Modiste.
(Late of the Robt. Simpson Co., Limited)

"It is a Fownes"
That is all you require to know about a Glove.
They are made for women and men.
Demand them from your dealer.

Furniture Used by Royalty
The Royal Suite
Removed From Government House
His Royal Highness' Bedroom and Dressing-room,
Her Royal Highness' Bedroom and Dressing-room,
And the Morning-room.
Will Be On View at Our Show-Rooms
Saturday, Oct. 19th to the 26th.
From 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.
A most cordial invitation is extended.
B. M. & T. JENKINS, Antique Furniture
422-424 Yonge St., Toronto
BRANCHES--Montreal, London and Birmingham, Eng.

**Old
Dresses
Made
New!**
That famous English Home Dye, Maypole Soap, makes old dresses new again and without mess or trouble, because it washes and dyes at one operation. The colors are fast and brilliant and do not streak.
It comes in all colors and dyes to any shade. It makes dyeing at home a pleasure. It is the Home Dye of highest quality and will never disappoint the woman who uses it.
**Maypole Soap
Dyes.**
Sold by best dealers everywhere--10 cents for colors, 15 cents for black.

Choicest Flowers
We carry in stock every seasonable variety of Roses, Carnations, etc. The preparation of Floral Design is our specialty.
**Simmon's
FLORIST**
266 YONGE ST. PHONE--MAIN 3159

THE IMPERIAL
(Opposite the Hamilton Hotel)
FIRST-CLASS PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE
HAMILTON, BERMUDA.
Miss Miller.

**ONLY
EUROPEAN PLAN HOTEL
IN TORONTO**
The English Chop House is situated one block from the very heart of the city, close to all theaters, and only a few blocks from Union Station and all steamboat landings. Has fifty rooms at graduated prices with all modern conveniences. First-class restaurant and lunch counter in connection.
F. M. THOMAS, Proprietor.
30 KING STREET WEST.

**PEMBER'S
Hair Goods Sale**
PEMBER'S DUPLEX COVERING.
No other firm has such a select assortment or can give as perfect satisfaction in every detail.
W. T. PEMBER
127-129 YONGE STREET

**Dorenwend's
HAIR GOODS and HAIR DRESSING**
Superior Work and Goods at most reasonable prices. Largest Stock of Ladies' and Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Bangs, Switches, etc., on the Continent. Catalogue free. Address--
The Dorenwend Co.
of Toronto, Limited
103-105 YONGE ST., TORONTO
Telephone Main 1051 for Hair Dressing Appointments.

OSTEOPATHY
DILLARD & HENDERSON
Osteopathic Physicians
48 Canada Life Building, King Street West
We cure without resorting to drugs or the knife. Consultation and examination free. Literature on application.
Residence--85 Spencer Ave. Phone--M 3542
London Branch--439 Princess Avenue.

**"Accordion
Plaiting"**
To make Plaiting that will stay in is an art not too well known. This is the only place in Canada where all kinds of plaiting are well and thoroughly made. Single, Double and Triple Box Plaiting. Knife, Side, Kilt, Parisian, Accordion, Sun, Space, Cluster, and all fancy kinds can be done in any material. Orders sent by mail or express will be returned promptly. Send for circular.
L. A. STACKHOUSE
124 King Street West, - Toronto, Ont.

A Three Photographs

By "Q"

(A. T. Quiller-Couch.)

"PHOTOGRAPH all the prisoners? But why?" demanded Sir Felix Felix-Williams.

Old Canon Kempe shrugged his shoulders. Admiral Trewbody turned the pages of the Home Secretary's letter. They sat at the baize-covered table in the magistrates' room—the last of the visiting justices who met under the old regime, to receive the Governor's report and look after the welfare of the prisoners in Tregarrick county jail.

"But why, in the name of common sense?" Sir Felix persisted.

"I suppose," hazarded the Admiral, "it helps the police in identifying criminals."

"But the letter says 'all the prisoners'?" You don't seriously tell me that anyone wants a photograph to identify Poacher Trezise, who I've committed a score of times if I've committed him once? And perhaps you'll explain to me this further demand for a 'Composite Photograph' of all the prisoners, male and female. A 'composite photograph'—have you ever seen one?"

"No," the Admiral mused. "But I see what the Home Office is driving at. Someone has been persuading them to test these new theories in criminology the doctors are so busy with, especially in Italy."

"In Italy!" pish'd Sir Felix Felix-Williams.

"My dear Sir Felix, science has no nationality." The Admiral was a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and kept a microscope to amuse his leisure.

"It has some proper limits, I should hope," Sir Felix retorted. It annoyed him—a chairman of Quarter Sessions for close upon twenty years—to be told that the science of criminology was yet in its infancy; and he glanced mischievously at the Canon, who might be supposed to have a professional quarrel with scientific men. But the Canon was a wary fighter, and no waster of powder or shot.

"Well, well," said he, "I don't see what harm it can do, or what good. If the Home Secretary wants his composite photograph, let him have it. The only question is, have we a photographer who knows how to make one? Or must we send the negatives up to Whitehall?"

So the visiting justices sent for the local photographer and consulted him. And he—being a clever fellow—declared it was easy enough, a mere question of care in superimposing the negatives. He had never actually made the experiment; his clients (so he called his customers) preferring to be photographed singly or in family groups. But he asked to be given a trial, and suggested (to be on the safe side) preparing two or three composite prints, between which the justices might choose at their next meeting.

This was resolved, and the resolution entered in the minutes; and next day the photographer set to work. Some of the prisoners resisted and 'made faces' in front of the camera, squinting and pulling the most horrible mouths. A female shoplifter sat under protest, because she was not allowed to send home for an evening gown. But the most consented obediently, and Jim Trezise even asked for a copy to take home to his wife.

The Admiral (who had married late in life) resided with his wife and young family in a neat villa just outside the town, where his hobby was to grow pelargoniums. The photographer passed the gate daily on his way to and from the prison, and was usually hailed and catechized on his progress. His patience with the recalcitrant prisoners delighted the Admiral, who more than once assured his wife that Smithers was an intelligent fellow and quite an artist in his way. "I wonder how he manages it," said Mrs. Trewbody. "he told Baby last autumn that a little bird would fly out of the camera when he took off the cap, and everyone allows that the result is most lifelike. But I don't like the idea, and I think it may injure his trade."

The Admiral could not always follow his wife's reasoning. "What is it you dislike?" he asked.

"Well, it's not nice to think of one's self going into the same camera he has been using on those wretched prisoners. It's sentiment, I dare say, but I had the same feeling when he stuck up Harry's photograph in his showcase at the railway station, among all kinds of objectionable persons, and I requested him to remove it."

The Admiral laughed indulgently, being one of those men who find a charm, even of subtle flattery, in their wives' silliness.

"I agree with you," he said, "that it's not pleasant to be exposed to public gaze among a crowd of people one would never think of knowing. I don't suppose it would actually encourage familiarity, at the same time there's an air of promiscuity about it—I won't say disreputable—when, after all, with the prisoners it's different, my attitude to them is scientific, if I may say so. I look upon them as a race apart, almost of another world, and as such I find them extremely interesting. The possibility of mixing with them on any terms of intimacy doesn't occur. I am aware, my dear, he would up, graciously, 'that you women seldom understand this mental detachment, being by nature unsentimental and all the more charming for your prejudices.'"

At the next meeting of justices, Smithers the photographer presented himself and produced his prints with a curious air of diffidence.

"I have," he explained, "brought three for Your Worship's selection; and can honestly assure Your Worship that my pains have been endless. What puzzles me, however, is that although I have all three the same portraits have been imposed, and in the same order, the results are surprisingly different. The cause of these differences I cannot detect, though I have gone over the process several times and step by step; but out of some two dozen experiments I may say that all the results answer pretty closely to one another of these three types." Mr. Smithers, who had spent much time in rehearsing this little speech, handed up photograph No. 1, and Sir Felix adjusted his spectacles.

"Villainous!" he exclaimed, recollecting the Canon and the Admiral bent over it together.

"Most repulsive!" said the Admiral. "Here indeed—the Canon was more impressive—here, indeed, is an object lesson in the effects of crime. Is it possible that to this man's passions can degrade his divinely inherited features? Were it not altogether too horrible I would have this picture framed and glazed and hung up in every cottage home in the land."

"My dear fellow," interrupted Sir Felix, "we cannot possibly let this monstrosity go up to Whitehall as representative of the inmates of Tregarrick jail! It would mean an enquiry on the spot. It would even reflect upon us. Ours is a decent county, as counties go, and I protest it shall not, with my consent, be injured by any such libel."

Mr. Smithers handed up photograph No. 2.

"This looks better," began Sir Felix, and with that he gave a slight start, and passed the photograph to the Canon. The Canon, too, started, and stole a quick glance at Sir Felix; their eyes met.

"It certainly is singular," stammered Sir Felix. "I fancied—without irreverence—but you detected it too," he wound up incoherently.

"May I have a look?" The Admiral peered over the Canon's head; who, however, did not relinquish the photograph, but turned on Smithers with sudden severity.

"I presume, sir, this is not an audacious joke?"

"I assure Your Worship," protested the photographer, "I had some thoughts of tearing it up, but thought it wouldn't be honest."

"You did rightly," the Canon answered; "but now that we have seen it, I have no such scruple." He tore the print across, and across again. "Even in this," he said, with a glance at the Admiral, who winced, "we may perhaps read a lesson, or at least a warning, that man's presumption in extending the bounds of his knowledge—or, as I should prefer to call it, his curiosity—may—er—bring him face to face with—"

But the Canon's speech tailed off as he regarded the torn pieces of cardboard in his hand. He felt that the others had been seriously perturbed and were not listening; he himself was conscious of a shock too serious for that glib effluent—usually so efficacious—the sound of his own voice. He perceived that it did not impose even on the photographer. An uncomfortable silence fell on the room.

Sir Felix was the first to recover. "Put it in the waste-paper basket; no, in the fire!" he commanded, and turned to Smithers. "Surely between these two extremes—"

"I was on the point of suggesting that Your Worship would find No. 3 more satisfactory," the photographer interrupted, forgetting his manner in his anxiety to restore these three gentlemen to their ease. His own discomfort was acute, and he over-acted as a man will who has unwillingly surprised a state secret, and wishes to assure everyone of his obtuseness.

Sir Felix studied No. 3. "This appears to me a very ordinary photograph. Without being positively displeasing, the face is one you might pass in the street any day, and forget."

"I hope it suggests no no—well-known features?" put in the Canon nervously.

"None at all, I think; but see for yourself. To me it seems—although hazy, of course—the kind of thing the Home Office might find helpful."

"It is less distinct than the others," said the Admiral, pulling his whiskers.

"And for that reason the more obviously composite—which is what we are required to furnish. No, indeed, I can find nothing amiss with it, and I think, gentlemen, if you are agreed, we will forward this print."

No. 3 was passed accordingly, the photographer withdrew, and the three justices turned to other business, which occupied them for a full two hours.

But, I pray you, mark the sequel.

Mr. Smithers, in his relief and delight at the magistrates' approbation, hurried home, fished out a copy of No. 3, exposed it proudly in his shop window, and went off to the Pack Horse Inn for a drink.

Less than an hour later Mrs. Trewbody, having packed her family into the jingle for their afternoon's ride with Miss Blunt, the governess, strolled down into the town to do some light shopping; and, happening to pass the photographer's window, came to a standstill with a little gasp.

A moment later she entered the shop; and Mrs. Smithers, answering the shop bell, found that she had taken the photograph from the window and was examining it eagerly.

"This is quite a surprise, Mrs. Smithers. A capital photograph. May I ask how many copies my husband ordered?"

"I'm not aware, ma'am, that the Admiral has ordered any as yet, though I heard Smithers say only this morning as he hoped he'd be pleased with it."

"I think I can answer for that, although he is particular. But I happen to know he disapproves of these things being exposed in the window. I'll take this copy home with me, if I may. Has your husband printed any more?"

"Well, no, ma'am. There was one other copy, but Lady Felix-Williams happened to be passing just now, and spied it; and nothing would do but she must take it away with her."

"Lady Felix-Williams?" Mrs. Trewbody stiffened with sudden distrust. "Now what could Lady Felix-Williams want with this?"

"I'm sure I can't tell you, ma'am; but she was delighted. A capital likeness," she said. "I've never seen a photograph before that caught just that expression of his."

"I should very much like to know what she has to do with his expression," Mrs. Trewbody murmured to herself, between wonder and incipient alarm. But she concealed her feelings, good lady; and, having paid for her purchase, carried it home in her muff and stuck upright against one of the Severn candlesticks on her boudoir mantelshelf.



Traveling Salesman—Any amusements in the town to-night? Grocer—I reckon that's got to be a show at the Opry House. The market for eggs an' veg'bles has been purty pert today.

And there the Admiral discovered it three-quarters of an hour later. He came home wanting his tea; and, finding the boudoir empty, advanced to ring the bell. At that moment his eyes fell on Smithers' replica of the very photograph he had passed for forward to the Home Secretary. He picked it up, and gave vent to a long whistle.

"Now, how the dickens—"

His wife appeared in the doorway, with Harry, Dicky and Theophilus clinging to her skirts, fresh from their ride and boisterous.

"My dear Emily, where in the world did you get hold of this?"

He held the photograph towards her at arm's length, and the children rushed forward to examine it.

"Papa! Papa!" they shouted together, capering round it. "Oh, mammy, isn't it him exactly?"

New Zealand Like Newfoundland.

There will probably be no inclusion of New Zealand in the Commonwealth of Australia during the next fifty years, if, indeed, it ever takes place. The scheme has now been condemned by the commission appointed by the New Zealand Government to study the federation question, and the commission's judgment seems well based. New Zealand is twelve hundred miles from Australia by sea, a fact that neutralizes the military argument drawn from the benefits of a joint defence in case of war. Again, should New Zealand be brought under Australian control, such a step would imperil the many economic and socialistic experiments being made under the auspices of the New Zealand Government.

The Lesson of Health

Is One Taught Us by the Experience of Others.

Learn This Lesson Well and the Ravages of Disease Will No Longer be so Prevalent—The Story of One Who Has Been Benefited and Who Offers Her Experience to All Others.

From "L'Sorelois," Sorel, Que.

Among the multitude of ailments that afflict humanity there are few that cause more acute misery than indigestion or dyspepsia, as it is variously called. Both young and old are susceptible to its attacks, and its victims throughout the country are numbered by tens of thousands. Among the disagreeable symptoms which accompany dyspepsia and make it easily recognizable are weight, uneasiness and a heavy feeling in the stomach after eating, a feeling of weariness, sick headache and dizziness, pains in the stomach, offensive breath, irritability, etc. Ordinary medicines will not cure dyspepsia. They may relieve its symptoms temporarily, but the trouble always returns and each time in an intensified form. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine which will thoroughly and effectively cure dyspepsia. These pills act not merely upon the symptoms, but on the disease itself through the blood, hence through the stomach, which is strengthened and restored to its normal functions.

Mrs. Alp. Lussier, a lady well known in Sorel, Que., is one of the many who have been released from the clutches of dyspepsia through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in the hope that her experience will be of aid to some other sufferer who gives the following story for publication: "For over two years I was a sufferer from dyspepsia or bad digestion. The disease became chronic, and I was an almost continual sufferer from headaches, heartburn and heart palpitation. All sense of taste left me, and at times my stomach was so weak that I was unable to keep any food on it, and this caused me more distress than one could imagine. Although I tried several remedies, none of them gave me any relief, and I began to regard my life as a burden, rather than a joy as it should be. One day, while reading, I came across a case similar to my own, cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; so, in the hope that I would receive similar benefit, I decided to give the pills a trial. I had not taken the pills long before I could see that my hopes for recovery were being realized. By the time I had taken half a dozen boxes all symptoms of the trouble had disappeared, and I was able to enjoy life as I did before being seized with the malady. I have no hesitation in saying that I think that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best known cure for dyspepsia, and I would strongly advise all sufferers to give them a trial."

The old adage, "experience is the best teacher," might well be applied in cases of dyspepsia, and if sufferers would only be guided by the experience of those who have suffered but are now well and happy through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, there would be less distress throughout the land. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had at all dealers in medicine, or by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

A Bank on Wheels

ONE of the most brilliant ideas of modern times has just occurred to the local authorities which administer the public moneys of the town of Mezieres, in the Ardennes. The new scheme consists in an "automobile savings bank." The term requires some explanation.

The inventors apply it to a new sort of motor car which they are having built. The vehicle is propelled by electricity and contains four seats, one in front and apart from the others, for the driver. The three places behind are arranged round a revolving table in the middle of the car, one at each side and one at the rear of the vehicle. Writing desks are fitted over each of the three seats and devised in such a way that they can be either folded flat against the sides of the carriage inwardly or opened outwardly. The central table also contains desks, besides bookshelves and a small metal strong-box. Such is the new automobile. The use to which the authorities of Mezieres intend to put their invention is as follows:

The car will travel round the country, making stoppages of an hour or so on prearranged days in the different localities of the department. The passengers will be two clerks of the local treasury administration and a cashier. They will carry with them a complete collection of savings bank books, registers and forms, and the third of the above-mentioned officials will be empowered to receive moneys. Your readers will have now divined the purpose of the financial authorities of Mezieres. It seems that these gentlemen, assembled in council lately, came to the conclusion that something should be done to encourage thrift among the peasantry of the Ardennes. On the other hand, it was recognized that the saving propensity was already very marked among the country folk. What was needed was that the administration should meet their wants halfway. The peasants put by their earnings thriftily enough, but frequently fail to invest them in savings banks because, especially in the busy summer months, they have little time for journeying to the few principal towns where the offices are situated. So the authorities determined upon sending the savings bank to the country folk instead of waiting any longer for the latter to find time to come to the office.

The description of the vehicle which the authorities have had built, according to their own designs, requires no further explanation except to say that the movable desks are intended for use by the public, hence the arrangement by which they can be opened outward over the road. It is reported that the scheme meets with the unqualified approval of the savings bank clerks, whose days hitherto throughout the fine season have been spent in musty offices. But, contrary to what might have been expected, the public does not look upon the innovation with unalloyed delight. Some suspicious persons have spread a rumor that the administrative motor car will not always convey savings bank clerks, but will occasionally bring—more often, perhaps, than would be desirable—that unwelcome visitor, the tax collector.

The Phraseology of Sport.

THE London "Outlook," in a recent number, while conceding that every sport and pastime should, naturally, have an especial phraseology, deplored the fact that this phraseology is becoming mere jargon. In its "palmy days" the P.R. could boast a language of its own; and one regrets to notice that the picturesque reporter is now doing the same disservice to cricket. When an eleven makes a bad start it is suffering from "rot and rout." One batsman is "breezy," another plays with "graceful assurance," a third is "cheaply dismissed." A score that progresses unevenly is "streaky," and a very favorite formula runs that So-and-so "played excellent cricket." This might reasonably be expected on a cricket field, where Bridge or Ping-pong would be somewhat out of place. After all, however, it is the billiard reporter who most savagely discolours the language of the King of English. Not long ago one of the brotherhood varied the monotony of life by describing the red ball as a "pinkie round."

After all, the most glaring examples of idiotic phraseology in the English papers are exceedingly tame beside those of our own, says the "Bookman." For instance, let us take the American equivalent for the English game of cricket. The knowing reporter writing a description of a game of baseball never makes the mistake of calling the ball "the ball." To him, of course, it is the "sphere," the "pellet," the "pea" or the "leather." A batsman never makes his base on balls; "he strolls" or "he gets" a free pass to the first corner. He does not make a base hit, but "he singles" or he "slams the pea to the center garden." He does not strike out, but "he fans" or "he

pounds the air." The pitcher does not pitch; he does "slab duty" or he "bends them" or he "passes them up." We might continue in this strain indefinitely.

To refer to a baseball team representing a certain city by its proper name would be to betray a woeful lack of knowledge and experience. A few years ago, after the veteran ballplayer Anson relinquished his leadership of the Chicago team, that team was, for a short time at the beginning of the season, without any nickname whatever. Sporting writers all over the country were in a state of chaos. The Chicago newspapers opened their columns to suggestions for a suitable sobriquet, and matters generally were unsettled and unsatisfactory until the significance of the desertion of Anson dawned upon one ingenious scribe, and the Chicagoers immediately became "the Orphans." During the first two years of its career in the National League the New York team was known as the "Maroons." In 1885 this title was dropped for that of "the Giants," a term which at a period when the team was unpopular was modified to "the Joints." The Bostoners are, of course, "the Beaneaters;" the Washingtons, "the Senators;" the Baltimore, "the Orioles;" or "the Birds;" the Brooklyn are "the Trolley Dodgers."

Evidence to the Contrary.

"Citizen—Madam, why do you persist in punching me with your umbrella? Madam—I want to make you look around, so I can thank you for giving me your seat. Now, sir, don't you go off and say that women haven't any manners."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

A Dead Heat With One Entry.

"What's the funniest thing I ever saw?" repeated the gentleman of sporting tendencies. "Well, I guess it was a dead heat in an event where there was only one entry." "How in the world was that?" came from the other end of the store—and when the answer came, "A cremation," the questioner ordered the drinks.—Philadelphia "Press."

Hard Luck in the West.

The cowboy sat down on the ground, fingered a roll of bills and looked sadly at his hand.

"Bill," he said, "it's no use. I can't

Good Coffee Maker.

Experience With the Berry.

"I have gained twenty-five pounds since I left off coffee and began drinking Postum Food Coffee in its place. "I had become very thin in flesh and suffered tortures with heartburn, was a nervous wreck with headache practically all the time, until one dreadful day when the good doctor told me I must quit drinking coffee, as he had nothing left to try, to relieve me. "I could not drink tea, and had tried everything else, even Postum, but put it by at the first trial, because it was tasteless. "Forced to it again, I determined to see if it could not be made palatable, and found at once that when I followed directions and boiled it long enough, that I not only liked it, but gave it to my husband for several days without his finding it out. I have the name of making splendid coffee, and we always used the best, but of late I have given Postum to guests many times in place of coffee, and have never been detected yet. "Our four children have not drunk coffee for three years, and all have gained health and flesh since using Postum. One son, who was always sick, has been greatly benefited by its use, and, as above stated, I have gained twenty-five pounds since taking up Postum. I am healthier to-day than I have been for years, and give Postum all the credit. Please do not use my name in public. "This lady lives in Burlington, Iowa, and the name will be furnished by the Postum Cereal Company (Limited), Battle Creek, Mich., to those interested."

IS THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER KNOWN. One Thousand prominent physicians have testified to this fact. Read what Professor Picot of Bordeaux, France (Professor of Clinical Medicine at the University) writes: "Hunyadi Janos is indisputably the best of laxatives, it is admirably tolerated by the stomach, it acts without giving rise to intestinal irritation, and it, therefore, deserves its universal popularity."

Nature's Remedy for the cure of

CONSTIPATION,

Disordered Stomach, Bilioousness and Liver Complaints.

ASK For the Full Name, "HUNYADI-JANOS" | LABEL on bottle is BLUE with RED Centre Panel

go to town with you to-day."

"Why?" asked Bill.

"I've only got \$25 to my name."

"Figger it up ag'in," said Bill.

"No use. I've figgered it up a dozen times, and it always comes out the same. It'll take \$20 for the drunk, dollar an' a half fer bed an' breakfast, three an' a half fer ca'tridges, an' that won't leave a cussed cent to pay the fine."—Indianapolis "Sun."

How it Looked to Him.

This is what "Short Stories" tells of a staunch young churchman who is most careful in his observance of the feasts and fasts of the year: When the owl lunch wagons in Herald Square were still a novelty, he visited New York and saw one for the first time. "What have we here?" he said to his companion. "What a question from you!" was the retort. "A good churchman like you not to know a movable feast when he sees it!" "Oh, I should call it a restaurant a la carte," promptly replied the "good churchman."

"What do you think of 'the movement for shorter honeymoons'?" I asked my fellow-traveler, an experienced gentleman from Chicago. "That's right," he declared, without a pause. "Short honeymoons and more of them. That's my platform."—Ex.

"SEELY'S" Latest Creation

PINK PEONY

A perfume of rare delicacy and refinement. At all Druggists.

NOTHING EVER SLIGHTED

That's the secret of our success in dyeing and cleaning men's clothing. Men are exacting and we are exacting in the work we give them.

R. PARKER & CO.

Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto. 304 and 701 Yonge St., 30 King St. West, 471 and 1267 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East. Phones: North 2011, Main 2143 and 1004, Park 98.

NIGHT SCHOOL

No chance of indifferent work when you take a course in the night classes of this college—every subject taught by an expert. British American Business College. V.M.C.A. Building Toronto. David Hoskins, Chartered Accountant, Principal.

Gentlemen!

Your Fall Suit and Overcoat after being stored away all summer will require cleaning. Why not entrust it to us? Phone 2471 Main and we will send for your order and return with despatch.

Smith's Dye Works

106 KING STREET WEST

Established 1856

Head Office—38 King Street East

Telephone—Main 131

P. BURNS & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Coal and Wood

MERCHANTS

BRANCH OFFICES:

Front Street, near Bathurst.....Tel. Main 449
Princess Street Docks....." " 130
372 Queen Street West....." " 139
424 Yonge Street....." " 326
304 Queen Street East....." " 134
120 Spadina Avenue....." " 2110
1312 Queen Street West.....Park 711
274 College Street.....North 1179

TORONTO, CANADA

Toronto... OSTEOPATHY

567 SHERBOURNE ST.

BRANCH OFFICE—Carman Block, opp. Post Office, St. Catharines, Ont.

Successfully Treating all Diseases Without Drugs.

Call or Write for Further Particulars.

Consultation Free.

WREYFORD & CO.

85 KING STREET WEST

Underwear Specialists

FROM \$1.00 TO \$10.00 PER SUIT

Largest Selection and Best Value in Canada

Hunyadi Janos

IS THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER KNOWN.

One Thousand prominent physicians have testified to this fact. Read what Professor Picot of Bordeaux, France (Professor of Clinical Medicine at the University) writes: "Hunyadi Janos is indisputably the best of laxatives, it is admirably tolerated by the stomach, it acts without giving rise to intestinal irritation, and it, therefore, deserves its universal popularity."

Nature's Remedy for the cure of

CONSTIPATION,

Disordered Stomach, Bilioousness and Liver Complaints.

ASK For the Full Name, "HUNYADI-JANOS" | LABEL on bottle is BLUE with RED Centre Panel

Only vegetable oils
—and no coarse animal
fats—are used
in making

"Baby's Own Soap"

PURE, FRAGRANT, CLEANSING.

Doctors recommend
it for Nursery and Toilet use.

Beware of Imitations.

Albert Toilet Soap, Mfrs., Montreal.



When Print Blurs

general discomfort results. This condition positively cured with glasses.

P. S. BLACHFORD

Refracting Optician

114 Yonge Street (Over Blachford's shoe store.)

A. E. AMES & CO.

BANKERS AND BROKERS

18 and 20 King Street East, Toronto

Buy and Sell Investment Securities on Commission on all principal Stock Exchanges.

Receive deposits; allow interest on deposits and credit balances; draw bills of exchange; transact a General Financial Business.

A. E. AMES (Members Toronto Stock Exchange.)
E. D. FRASER

The Finish

in laundry work is most important to those who value style and comfort. That is the class we cater to. All goods finished

"Domestic" or "Dull" Finish

*Phone Main 1381 and have wagon call for your next parcel.

The Rolston Laundry
CO., 168, 170, 172, 174 KING ST. WEST

Have a Look!

At some of our New Lines of—

MOULDS
BRASS GOODS
CUTLERY and
ENAMEL WARE

FLETCHER MFG. CO.
440-442 YONGE ST.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

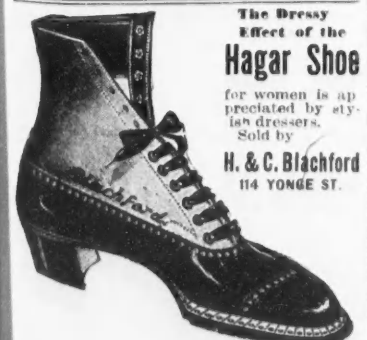
Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

PREPARED BY Wm. Wood, Proprietor, Montreal, Canada.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.



The Dressy Effect of the

Hagar Shoe

for women is appreciated by stylish dressers.

Sold by

H. & C. Blachford

114 YONGE ST.

Curious Bits of News.

Of the 12,000,000 letters annually distributed by the postoffice of the world 8,000,000,000 are addressed in English, 1,200,000,000 in German and 1,000,000,000 in French. All the other languages have less than 2,000,000,000 between them.

By employing compressed air, a Dresden manufacturer has lately succeeded in producing glass vessels of extraordinary size. Heretofore, it is said, concave glass could be blown into vessels having a capacity not exceeding about 26 gallons, but by the new process glass bath-tubs and large glass kettles can be blown.

The highest tunnel in the world is now in course of construction by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company at Crow's Nest Pass. It is at an altitude of 4,500 feet above sea level. The Loop Tunnel, as the work is called, will be 840 feet long, of which over 300 feet are completed. A force of 200 men is working day and night, and it is anticipated it will be finished by December next. This tunnel will shorten the route by fourteen miles, and will greatly reduce grades and curvatures.

A sporting friend of the editor of "Sporting and Dramatic News" keeps some green tree frogs in a glass globe, and the children feed them on flies and other insects. "In their bowl stands a miniature flight of steps, and when the frogs climb up and perch on these steps my friend leaves his mackintosh at home, being assured of fine weather. When the frogs huddle together at the bottom of the globe, then he says it is a safe sign of coming rain."

For soldiers' use, and for employment under circumstances where fresh milk, coffee and chocolate are not easily obtainable, a dried preparation is now being manufactured which serves excellently as a substitute. Skimmed milk is evaporated by the help of an air blast to the condition of a paste, and, after being dried, is reduced to powder by grinding. Then it is mixed with powdered chocolate, half and half, and is either put up as dust or compressed into cakes. When wanted, water is added, the resulting fluid is boiled, and all that is needed is a little sugar.

A system of teaching the French language by phonograph is to be tried in England. Several prominent French professors are devoting their energies to preparing French lessons upon them. The phonographic records are accompanied by a book, which contains thirty lessons, each of which corresponds to a phonographic cylinder, and each lesson is ingeniously illustrated. All that the student has to do is to set the phonograph in motion, and the book will explain what the instrument is saying.

The following advertisement is from the Tokio "Nippon" (newspaper): "I am a beautiful woman. My abundant undulating hair envelops me as a cloud. Supple as a willow is my waist. Soft and brilliant is my visage as the satin of the flowers. I am endowed with wealth sufficient to saunter through life hand in hand with my beloved. Were I to meet a gracious lord, kindly, intelligent, well educated, and of good taste, I would unite myself with him for life, and later share with him the pleasure of being laid to rest eternal in a tomb of pink marble."

One of the oddest of recent inventions is a refrigerating egg, as it might be called. It is an oval capsule of nickel-plated copper, about the size and shape of a hen's egg, hollow and nearly filled with ice. If you have a glass of milk that is not cold enough, you do not like to put ice into it, because dilution with water spoils the beverage. But, if you have one of these eggs handy, you may drop it into the glass, and in a few moments the liquid is reduced to the desired temperature. In the same way you may cool your cup of coffee, if it is too hot, and the idea is equally applicable to any other drink.

The newest floral wonder is the "Shasta daisy," originated by a flower-grower of California. It measures a foot in circumference, and, when one was exhibited recently in a florist's window in San Francisco, people literally flocked to see it. It is really a new kind of flower, and has been produced by several years of crossing and selection, three different kinds of daisies being used—the common American species, the larger and coarser European sort, and the Japanese daisy. There are three rows of petals of the purest white, and each blossom is upheld by a single strong and wiry stem which is nearly two feet long.

A Delightful Souvenir.

The Royal Tour Through the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, sent us with the compliments of Mr. H. Charlton, who has charge of the advertising department of the Grand Trunk Railway System, is a copy of an itinerary evidently prepared for the use of the Royal party while going over the line of the G.T.R. Almost every point of interest from North Bay over the route taken by the Royal party until they leave the Grand Trunk at Quebec, is magnificently illustrated on heavy coated paper, while the letterpress is on vellum paper, with a blank page for memoranda intervening between the illustrations and the text. Probably the distribution of this large and expensive gotten up book will be quite small, but everyone receiving a copy will esteem it not only for its artistic merits, but as a souvenir of the Royal journey. The book is so charmingly prepared and so appropriate and convenient for making notes of interest that it will doubtless also be preserved by all the members of the Royal party. It is quite the prettiest memento of the season.

A clergyman observed his little son attentively studying a map of the world. "What place are you looking for, Willie?" he enquired. The small boy knitted his brows and traveled a circuitous route with his forefinger before he answered earnestly, "Trying to find Christendom."

Books and Their Makers.



GENTLEMAN IN WAITING, Cornelius B. D. Sewell; Grafton Press, New York. This story, purporting to be one of New York society, is more or less a character study of a half a dozen of the "four hundred" who are summering a little further out of New York than would be called the suburbs. Drayton Ord, a fortune-hunter and the scion of an old family, married the daughter of a speculator, who unfortunately failed before the honeymoon was half over, and indeed before he had made a proper wedding-present to his daughter. Mrs. Ord is a beautiful woman and a charming character, and the fortune-hunter developed into a poet, broad-minded and gentle, and loving enough to suit any woman. The Gentleman in Waiting is one of those blase, big-moustached rouses who are always dangling after married women, and it is satisfactory to see him get a thorough beating at the hands of "Betty" Ord. The story is neither new nor particularly thrilling, though the style

ties, which are certainly not dangerous; but if there was ever such a bloodthirsty outfit as the Avengers, with such deadly machinery at their finger-ends, no trace of them can be found in any history of the locality (the neighborhood of Brockville and Kingston) where they are said to have flourished. The love story is pretty but not strong, though it has sufficient charm to offset the scenes of blood and the acts of treachery which keep one's interest at high tension throughout.

Pressed Flowers from the Holy Land, Rev. Harvey B. Greene, B.D., author and publisher, Lowell, Mass. This is a dainty little booklet containing a dozen real pressed flowers gathered by the author in Palestine, together with a description of each one and chapter and verse of Scriptural references to them. Among them, the tints and leaves as beautifully colored as when picked, can be found the Lily of the Field, the Madonna Flower, Anise, Rose of Sharon, and the Carmel Daisy. A pretty little Christmas gift. Price \$1.

The History of Sir Richard Calmady, by "Lucas Malet," is one of the literary sensations of the year in England. Lucas Malet in private life is Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison, and the younger daughter of the late Charles Kingsley. The History of Sir Richard Calmady is



"'PON MY HONOR," HE SAID, IN A LOW TONE, "YOU HAVE CAUGHT ME."

(ILLUSTRATION FROM GILBERT PARKER'S "RIGHT OF WAY.")

is good, and there are some good character flashes which enliven the pages of a book which would only be considered good reading if there were nothing better and time lay wearily on one's hands.

The Romance of a Trained Nurse, by Francis Scott, illustrated; New York, Cooke & Fry. This is not a romance, but a flaccid love story of the "Waverley Magazine" type. Fanny Smythe loses her parents and her fortune at the same time, and betakes herself to a hospital with three big trunks full of clothes, and there becomes a trained nurse. In a New England sanitarium presided over by young Dr. Emerson she next appears in a comfortable suite of rooms as special nurse to a newsboy who is dying with heart disease. This part of the story indicates that the authoress does not understand high-priced sanitariums or she would not have placed a waif from the gutter, even though Dr. Emerson was his benefactor, in the finest ward of the institution with a special day and night nurse to take care of him, without any hope of pay or even saving the young nurse's life. Of course the doctor falls in love with the nurse and the nurse with the doctor. A malicious cousin reports to Nurse Fanny that the doctor is engaged, and they do not speak to each other until a bad man tries to steal her away; then there is a reunion and a wedding. It is not a romance, because it is not romantic. Neither is it a study of a nurse's life and troubles; more things happen to a trained nurse in a week than happen from cover to cover in this mild book. The writer's style is poor and cheap; the binding, illustration and letterpress of the book do credit to the publishers.

D'ri and I, by Irving Bacheller; William Briggs, Toronto, has been mentioned so often in this paper and so generally read by the public that a belated review will hardly be of interest. The story is enchantingly simple, yet full of incident, and its atmosphere is that of the woods, rugged rocks and the great River St. Lawrence at the time of the War of 1812. The story is told by one Colonel Ramon Bell, and describes the chief events of his career from his childhood in Northern New York to the end of the war. His friend and ally, Darius Olin, a rough and ready fellow of considerable humor, is with him in nearly all of his dangerous and startling adventures. Of course they were on the side which would not enlist the sympathy of Canadians, but the tone given to the romance is like that of the historical novel of so long ago that the reader naturally sympathizes with the hero and hopes to see him safely through his perils and hardships. If anything, there is a little too much of the swashbuckler business, which makes it less appetizing than Eben Holden, Mr. Bacheller's first and great story. In the adventure with the Avengers, a secret society which is said to have existed in Canada at the time of the events narrated, deadly dangers were encountered, and the telling of the tale is so lifelike that one expects it to be supported by some historical data. The trial and the initiation seem something like the serio-comic terrors of some of the fraternal societies,

said to be a morbid, not to say immoral book, containing a large ingredient of obituary details and other unpleasant features. But perhaps it is this that gives the book its vogue with the English smart set.

Popular authors often repent them of ill-considered resolutions. Conan Doyle found it a bad move to have killed Sherlock Holmes, and so he revived him. The Lane That Had No Turning was to be Gilbert Parker's last French-Canadian story, but here comes another of the same, The Right of Way. It is generally conceded, too, to be Mr. Parker's best novel—romance royal. The story is a big one—that is to say, it contains material enough for four or five ordinary romances. The adventures follow on each other's heels—a long and varied procession—and the situations are dramatic, yet natural.

A Clipping from Plattville "Echo."

Mrs. J. Barnett Figures in an Interesting Article in the Local Paper.

Interviewed by a Representative of the "Echo"—Story of Her Trouble as Related by Herself—Her Opinion of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Plattville, Ont., Oct. 14.—(Special)—The case of Mrs. J. Barnett of this town was found of sufficient importance to be published at length in the Plattville "Echo." To the representative of that live local paper she made the following statement concerning her experience with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I have been ailing for years, but in the spring of last year I grew very much worse. The symptoms of my disease were nervousness, rheumatism in the left arm, pains in the small of the back, up the spinal column and back of the head, through the eyes, left side of the body and occasionally the right side.

"I grew weak, for I had no appetite, and night after night I could not sleep. I was a physical wreck. I was treated by doctors, but their medicines afforded me no relief. I chanced to read in Dodd's Almanac of the virtue of Dodd's Kidney Pills and the wonderful cures effected by them.

"The symptoms as therein explained corresponded with my own, and I started taking Dodd's Kidney Pills according to directions. Before I had finished one box there was a decided improvement in my condition. My appetite returned, the pain was lessened and I was able to sleep. I have taken in all twelve boxes and have completely recovered. No sign of my old trouble remains, and I ascribe it only to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful discovery."

This clipping is reproduced, as it is typical of the way so many women feel about Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills have been often truly called "Woman's best friend."

She (scornfully)—I despise you from the bottom of my heart! He (cheerily)—Oh, well, there is always room at the top.

The Superiority of...

LUDELLA

Ceylon Tea has so often been proved
it is only necessary to say it is sold in

Lead Packages

25, 40, 50 and 60c.

Like the Mormons.

AMONG more serious literature recently published is Mr. Poulton Bigelow's "Children of the Nations," the narrative of the beginnings of the various peoples, Mr. Bigelow has discovered a parallel between the Boers and the Mormons that is likely not to please many of his fellow-Americans. He offers his parallel (and prophecy) in these words: "In a rough way his (the Boer's) case bears analogy to that of the strange community of English Boers who with a peculiar religion, hardy constitutions and boundless ignorance, penetrated the American desert and created a splendid isolation for themselves in Utah. These people asked no favor of the United States, save to be let alone. . . . But precious metals were discovered in their neighborhood, the New England Yankee knocked at the Mormon gate; he was refused admission, so he went in without. The fight commenced, and now the Mormon figures in American political life just as any other white man, no more and no less. The Mormon had thought himself as strong, physically, as he conceived himself to be theologically infallible. When his mistake was demonstrated, he conformed to the new order of things; and so will the Boers."

Changed Her Mind.

The house was "handy to the street car line" and in good repair, there were the proper number of closets and the rental was reasonable, but before coming to terms the house-hunting matron said to the agent:

"It is only fair for me to tell you that we have five boys."

"That won't make any difference, ma'am," he said, with a smile. "You will find big families of boys on both sides of you."

"Oh, then I don't want the house at all!" she exclaimed. "I want to find a

Boxes of Gold.

Sent for Letters About Grape-Nuts.

330 boxes of gold and greenbacks will be sent to persons writing interesting and truthful letters about the good that has been done them by the use of Grape-Nuts food.

10 little boxes, each containing a \$10 gold piece, will be sent the 10 writers of the most interesting letters.

20 boxes, each containing a \$5 gold piece, to the 20 next most interesting writers, and a \$1 greenback will go to each of the 300 next best. A committee of three not members of the Postum Company will make decision between December 1 and 10, 1901.

Write plain, sensible letters, giving detailed facts of ill-health caused from improper food, and explain the improvement, the gain in strength, in weight, or in brain power after using Grape-Nuts food.

It is a profound fact that most ailments of humanity come from improper and non-nourishing food, such as white bread, hot biscuit, starchy and uncooked cereals, etc.

A change to perfectly cooked, predigested food like Grape-Nuts, scientifically made and containing exactly the elements nature requires for building the delicate and wonderful cells of brain and body, will quickly change a half-sick person to a well person. Food, good food, is Nature's strongest weapon of defence.

Include in letter the true names and addresses, carefully written, of 20 persons, not very well, to whom we can write regarding the food cure by Grape-Nuts.

Almost everyone interested in pure food is willing to have his or her name appear in the papers for such help as they may offer the human race. A request, however, to omit name will be respected. Try for one of the 330 prizes. Everyone has an equal show. Don't write poetry, but just honest and interesting facts about the good you have obtained from the pure food Grape-Nuts. If a man or woman has found a true way to get well and keep well, it should be a pleasure to stretch a helping hand to humanity, by telling the facts.

Write your name and address plainly on letter and mail promptly to the Postum Cereal Company (Limited), Battle Creek, Mich.

Ask Your Physician

What kind of malt liquor is the best beverage.

He will tell you to always take ale or porter which is perfectly fermented, and which is thoroughly aged. New beer causes biliousness—makes you feel "heavy."

Carling's Ale is always thoroughly matured in wood and in bottle. Its absolute purity and perfect age is guaranteed.

Carling



Corticelli
SPOOL SILK

Corticelli Silk has absolute merit. Every spool has honest value—no light-weight, short-measure goods.

Corticelli Silk sews smoothly—no knots, knots, no weak places.

Corticelli is as good silk as can be made.



Corticelli
SPOOL SILK

Subscribe for "Corticelli Home Needlework Magazine," 35¢ a year. No lady should be without it. Sample copies 10 cents. Address

CORTICELLI SILK CO., ST. JOHNS, QUE.



Corticelli
SPOOL SILK



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE { Business Office..... } Main 1709
 { Editorial Rooms..... }

Subscriptions for Canada and United States address, will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... \$7 00
Six Months..... 4 00
Three Months..... 2 00

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

VOL. 14. TORONTO, OCTOBER 19, 1901. NO. 49.



THE DRAMA

Faust is a play of perennial popularity. Its red-fire realism appeals to the most primitive imagination. Lewis Morrison's Mephisto is a creation of established repute. It is, therefore, not surprising that the Grand has been crowded all week, from "bald-headed row" to topmost tier in "the gods."

There is a fascination about a personal devil, whatever theologians of the up-to-date school may think to the contrary. Mr. Morrison's Mephisto is a cynical but by no means subtle demon. Marie Corelli, in The Sorrows of Satan, has given us a very different and a far more picturesque and withal more reasonable picture of the Spirit of Evil than that embodied in Faust. She conceives of Satan as going amongst men like one of themselves, with no earmarks (or tailmarks) of his nature upon him; the prince of hypocrites, a graceful man of the world, deceiving the best and purest with blandishments of brilliant talents, easy manners, delightful address and high assumption of goodness. She shows him going up and down destroying souls, yet racked in spirit by his every victory, knowing that only through the resistance of those he tempts can he ultimately be restored, little by little, and step by step, to his former high estate. It is no such metaphysical Mephisto that one sees at the Grand this week. The Satan of Mr. Morrison is frankly satanic, openly sneering at virtue, to the possession of which he makes no claim, wearing everywhere the visible, recognizable livery of Hades. This conception is simple and direct enough to penetrate the most childish mind, yet with Mr. Morrison's handling cannot fail to impress the cultured also. Lewis Morrison's mocking, horrible laugh is something that, once heard, re-echoes long in one's memory.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Morrison does not travel with a stronger company. The support is simply outclassed by the star. It is unfortunate, also, that he does not excise a large portion of the play as it stands. The second act (the garden scene) is clumsy, twice as long as it need be, and bores everybody. Much of the comedy element is of the farce kind, and detracts from the dignity of the play. Mr. Morrison just falls short of greatness in his Mephisto role. If his bid for the laughter of the gallery were less patent, he would stand better with discriminating theater-goers.

The play at the Princess this week was an alleged dramatization of Hall Caine's novel, The Deemster. The play would have been poor under the most favorable circumstances, the playwright evidently having failed to grasp the possibilities of the novel and lost the color and action of the whole story; rushed past the most dramatic situations and given undue importance to trivial incident and minor characters. The quaint Manx dialect was given the "go by," and a few Yankee idioms introduced instead. J. H. Richmond as the Bishop, and Den Howe as the Deemster, were perhaps the best men in the cast; Hommy Beg looked a great deal more like a character from "Way Down East or Shore Acres" than he did like a schoolmaster from the Isle of Man, but gave a rather laughable impersonation of a deaf old man. The rest of the cast were a little too crude to suit the patrons of the Princess, and it was evident that the whole show was out of its element.

The show at Shea's was of the "all star" variety this week. From start to finish the bill was good, every act being of the first order. Marks and Smith, the "human hoists," did the first turn on the programme and gave an exhibition of strength and dexterity that would turn a piano-mover green with envy. Although Cushman Holcombe and Curtis are apparently still going to school, they haven't got much more to learn in their own line. Their singing and comedy skit were features of the bill. Hal Merritt is a very versatile entertainer, and appears to be able to imitate anything from a phonograph down to an artist, and his imitations and poster drawing were among the best things on a good programme. Les Dumonds, who were billed as the big type attraction, call themselves the "street" musicians, and are good enough to drop the "street" and pose as real musicians. The rest of the bill consisted of Clayton White, Marie Stuart & Co., in a capital comedy sketch; Blockson and Burns, the black-face comedians, who give a clever burlesque of a Spanish dance, and Rialta, the fire dancer.

LANCE.

One of the musical treats of the season will open at the Princess Theater next Monday night for one week, when Frank L. Perley's company of one hundred singers and comedians present the new tuncful hit, The Chaperons. The new lyric travesty is by Frederic Ranken and Isidore Witmark. Walter Jones, Digby Bell, Marie Cahill, Jos. C. Miron, Templer Saxe, E. Lovat-Fraser, Louise Gunning and Eva Tanquay are among those in the principal roles. There is a chorus of sixty voices, a mandolin club of fourteen young women, and an augmented orchestra. The Chaperons is the company which Manager Perley has designed to succeed to the favor in which the music-loving public held his Alice Nielsen Opera Company, Miss Nielsen having retired from the light opera stage.

Young women ambitious to fit themselves for the operatic stage have found a valuable friend in Frank L. Perley, the theatrical manager, whose fine singing organization will be seen here next week in that new musical success, The

SCENE FROM THE CHAPERONS, ACT III.



Among those in the picture and who will be with the company in Toronto are Digby Bell, Marie Cahill, Joseph C. Miron, Louise Gunning, Eva Tanquay, Sadie Peters, Ed Redway, Walter Jones, Templer Saxe, E. Lovat-Fraser, Frances Wheeler, Blanche Forbes, May Boley and Margaret McKinney.

Chaperons. During his direction of the Nielsen Opera Company, Mr. Perley acquired a reputation for discovering and developing young operatic talent, and when he began the organization of his company for The Chaperons he had the pick of Conservatory candidates for the stage. This has given him the benefit of strong voices in the chorus. Among the seventy young ladies in The Chaperons, it is Mr. Perley's boast that he has girls from good families of Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, New York, San Francisco, and even Toronto, whom parents and teachers have placed under his management for an operatic schooling, in preference to sending them abroad.

At Shea's Theater next week will be seen and heard Alexandra Dagmar, who, besides possessing a rare voice, has a fine stage presence, and gowns that are the envy of every woman who sees her. She has just completed a tour of the United States from coast to coast. Filson and Errol will be seen in a sketch new to Toronto, entitled A Tip on the Derby. Montgomery and Stone will give a black-face act. As dancers they have few equals. They have been seen here once before, but this time they return with a new act. The "Three Marvellous Merrills," in a comedy bicycle act, will help along the merriment. The Four Nelson Sisters will perform athletic feats, and the Le Fevre Saxophone Quartette is the first organization of this kind to be offered at a theater, while George C. Davis will have a stock of new stories and parodies, and with one or two other good acts the list of attractions will equal any seen here this season.

The Lilliputians will be the attraction at the Grand next week, and at the Toronto The Homespun Heart.

Captain Joshua Slocum, the Nova Scotian who sailed 40,000 miles single-handed in his little boat, the "Spray," is to lecture at the Conservatory of Music Hall on the 8th of November. Mr. D. J. Howell is manager for Captain Slocum at this "port."

A dramatic and humorous recital by Miss Marguerite Dunn will be given on Thursday evening, November 7th, in Guild Hall. Miss Dunn's reputation is no longer confined to Canada, but has extended to the United States. The South "News-Record" says of her: "Miss Dunn displayed an exceptional equipment as a reader, a pleasing voice, graceful presence, ease of manner and an absence of many of the elocutionist's conventions. She manifested versatility in selections both dramatic and humorous, and for every number won hearty praise from her hearers." Miss Dunn will be assisted by Mrs. Elsa Macpherson, pianiste, and the combined clubs of the University and College of Music, with Mr. G. F. Smedley as director.

For the next few days a unique window, of special interest to Dickens lovers, may be seen at Tyrrell's Book Shop, made up of selected volumes and pictures from the collection of Mr. E. S. Williamson. This remarkable assortment of literature and illustrations bearing upon the life and writings of Boz, serves to show what a wealth of material Mr. Williamson had to draw upon in preparing his illustrated talk, "An Evening with Dickens," which will be presented on Thursday next at Conservatory Music Hall. Miss Edith Schofield Scott, soprano, will assist. All seats are reserved, and the plan opens at Tyrrell's on Monday, 21st inst.

Mr. Frank Yeigh will give a new picture travel talk in Association Hall on Monday evening next, entitled "Britain and Brittany, or New Glimpses of Old Lands," illustrated with over one hundred new and beautiful stereoscopic views. Mr. Yeigh's lecture will be an epitome of an extended trip through England and France during the past summer, and will reveal much that is curious, quaint and unknown in the remote parts of those countries. An orchestra will be present. The reserved seat plan is open at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's.

Rugby.

THE gridiron hero has at last ousted all others and succeeded in capturing the center of the stage for himself, while his admirers, the sis-boom-bah boys with the callopie voices and the chrysanthemums, are monopolizing the gallery and encouraging their hero with stentorian rah-rahs. The Rugby season is well under way and interest in other outdoor sports is subsiding as the contests on the football arena become keener. The Argonauts disappointed a host of admirers when they went down before the Granites. Their inability to tackle and lack of team play lost them the game, and until men who know the game and are interested in the team get out and coach, there is not much hope for improvement, and the Argos, will probably be "snowed under" when they meet the Ottawa "amateurs."

The game to-day between 'Varsity and the Argonauts is arousing a great deal of interest and the admirers of each team cannot see how their own fifteen can lose. Judging by their previous performances, it looks as if 'Varsity should win out. In their game with McGill last week the Collegians tackled and followed up in great style and worked team plays for considerable gains, and it is in these departments that the scullers have shown a weakness. In the back division there is not much to choose between the two teams, though 'Varsity may have a shade the better. In scrumming and on the wing line the Argonauts will have the advantage of strength and weight, and unless the college wings stick to their men better than they did last Saturday the Argos will not have much difficulty in getting through. It will be a good game, and the winner is hard to pick, but 'Varsity's speed and endurance, combined with their scoring ability, should pull them out a victory.

The "defunctio" of Argonaut's second team is regrettable

and shows one of the principal weaknesses of the oarsmen. A team with a good second team behind it has always a source from which to recruit its ranks, and when a member of the first fifteen fails to turn up or gets put out of the game, there is always a man who knows the game and can play the vacant position. Whether or not the Argos' second team were a lot of "sore-heads" I don't know, but it is a pity that a club with as large a membership as the Argonauts cannot find fifteen men who are willing to act as understudies for one season at least.

THE REFEREE.

The Little Son.

WHEN my little son is born on a sunny summer morn,
I'll take him sleepin' in my arms to wake beside the sea,
For the windy waters blue would be dancin' if they knew,
An' the weeny waves that wet the sand come creepin' up to me.

When my little son is here in the noonday warm an' clear,
I'll carry him so kindly up the glen to Craig's wood;
In a green an' tremblin' shadow there I'll hush my tender laddo,
An' the flittin' birds'll quiet their songs as if they understood.

When my pretty son's awake, oh, the care o' him I'll take!
An' we'll never pass a gentle place between the dark an' day;
If he's lovely in his sleep on his face a veil I'll keep,
Or the wee folk an' the good folk might be wantin' him away.

When my darlin' comes to me he will lie upon my knee—
Though the world should be my pillow, he must know no harder place;
Sure a queen's son may be cold in a cradle all o' gold,
But my arm shall be about him an' my kiss upon his face.
Moira O'Neill.

What Uncle Silas Thought of Rugby.

UNCLE SI' and I went up to see 'Varsity and McGill play Rugby last Saturday. Uncle Si' first lost his head at the ticket-office.

"Half-a-dollar to get in, did yuh say? Well, look ahere, young man, that's a mighty powerful lot, and means perty near a bush'l o' wheat or a calf's keep for a month!"

The ticket-seller, however, was hard-hearted, but getting Uncle inside under protest, we were just in time to see the red and blue-clad gladiators enter the arena.

"By gosh! What a smash-up them fellers are makin' of themselves," said Uncle, as the two teams came together at the "kick-off" like so many charging steeds. "They seem to be tryin' some fall plowin' with their noses!"

Immediately after this Uncle Si' got right into the game, and pulling his peak-cap well down, proceeded to hang on, after I, his fond nephew, had requested him to cheer for 'Varsity.

Three minutes later, like a true cosmopolitan, he caught the spirit, said he was glad he'd come, and yelled himself hoarse when the local fans kicked a goal, and standing up, shouted as Demosthenes did to the waves: "Boys, you're just the best hands I ever seed, I'll give you're all jobs diggin' potatoes on my too acres if you'll say the word!" Uncle during this oration waved an old stick absent-mindedly and chewed excitedly on a wisp of grass.

After this "warm-up" there was no getting Silas, the brother of my mother, quieted down until half-time was called.

"Awful swell girls you're city chaps have on these premises!" observed he, stretching his extremities comfortably before a stand full of the hat-pin sex.

"That's no lie, Uncle," said I, as the gentleman addressed sprang up with a tiger's energy in time to see a splendid mix-up and 'Varsity score a touch-down.

"Well, don't you school chaps. Hahrah! By gosh, you're the best outfits this side our corner!"

Just then a hundred students round about my Uncle Silas—followers of the blue—sent up their war-cry of V-A-R-S-I-T-Y, which my excited uncle unhappily mistook for L-A-R-C-E-N-Y, and the next round was offering up to the Gods of War a yell that threatened the instant closing of doors and the calling of policemen.

I remonstrated, but my words were spent on the October winds as another point was added to Captain McCollum's team, and Uncle was ready, to quote his own words, to buy out a cigar stand "fer them blue boys," stepping down to wet his whistle from the water-carrier's pail.

When 'Varsity had won, nothing would do but Uncle Si' must go over and have a shake with the boys and invite them up to his farm-house any time they came that way round. This function over, Uncle Silas cooled down and felt better, but he still talked "Rooghy" like a referee, as he hitched up his mare and started off home at 8 o'clock.

J. W. B.

Notes From the Capital.

Rumor of Lord Minto's Retirement Traced to Montreal.—The story without foundation.—Something about Lord and Lady de Blaquiere.—An Honor for Mrs. Clifford Sifton.—Comings and Goings of Society People.

WHAT despatch from the London "Daily Chronicle" hinting at friction between Lord Minto and his Ministers can be easily traced back to Montreal. It was never taken seriously at Ottawa, where surprise was freely expressed that so many reputable Canadian newspapers should have given it prominence. The mention of Baron de Blaquiere as a possible successor robbed it of even a tinge of probability. While there is little chance of the Imperial Government ever again sending a soldier to fill a position requiring the tact of a diplomat, it is not likely that a man who is neither soldier nor diplomat, who has taken no part whatever in the conduct of public affairs, and whose only qualifications would seem to be that he was born in Canada and had married a Canadian, would be invited to represent His Majesty in the largest and most important of the colonies, for which heretofore statesmen such as Dufferin and Lansdowne have not been deemed too illustrious. The story was probably suggested to the inventor of it by the fact that Lady de Blaquiere, who was Miss Lucienne Desbarats, arrived in Montreal a few weeks ago to spend a couple of months with her mother, Madame Desbarats, at the Windsor Hotel. Lady de Blaquiere, as I remember seeing her before her marriage, was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. They say she is still very handsome. Her husband, who for some years previous to 1889, when he fell heir to the barony, was a clerk in the Bank of Montreal, was a very good-looking fellow. He woke up one morning to find himself a baron. The Earl and Countess of Minto must naturally have felt some displeasure at the publicity given to this announcement, even though they knew it to be untrue. I believe, however, that all through Canada they are extremely popular. The cheers which greeted their appearance on every occasion during the Ducal visit in this city testified to their popularity not only in social circles, but with all classes.

His Excellency has lost an efficient and painstaking A.D.C. in Captain Harry Graham, who left Canada on Monday last. He sailed from New York in the Oceanic on Wednesday, and he leaves London on the 28th inst. in command of a draft for South Africa. His regiment, the Coldstream Guards, has never been recalled, and has done a fair share of work out there. Captain Graham was very sorry to leave Canada; the more so because of the shortness of his notice, which prevented his saying farewell to his friends in Ottawa, Toronto, and other Canadian cities. He said a great many nice things about Canada on the eve of his departure, and expressed a hope that he should be able to return from South Africa and be able to get leave, he might come back to this land of sunshine. He will be immensely missed at Government House. Who Captain Graham's successor on the staff will be is not yet determined. When it was thought last spring that his services might be required in his regiment, a certain Captain Fieldin was mentioned. Captain Fieldin has served on the vice-regal staff at Dublin, and been attached to one or more embassies. He is said to be a most charming person.

The Ottawa Historical Society met in solemn convocation last Friday afternoon for the purpose of electing a lady to succeed Mrs. George E. Foster in the presidency. Several ladies were nominated, but Mrs. Clifford Sifton was the one on whom the honor was bestowed almost by a unanimous vote. Mrs. Sifton was out of town at the time, and I have not yet heard definitely whether or not she will accept the presidency.

Sir Richard and Lady Cartwright are once more settled for the winter in their large stone residence in New Edinburgh. Miss Frances Cartwright is the only one of their daughters at home at present. Miss Mary Cartwright is visiting friends in Vancouver, B.C. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Robert Cartwright spent the months of July, August and September at Rockcliffe Range. Colonel Cartwright proving a popular commandant in the School of Musketry and the lady a charming hostess at five o'clock teas on the verandah of the headquarters pavilion. The School of Musketry closed on October 15th, and so the Colonel and his wife moved into town.

Miss Jessie Coates, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Coates, returned home from England last week, bringing with her Miss Lee, a young English lady. Miss MacLean, secretary of the local Council of Women, is in town again after a visit of some months in New Jersey. Mrs. Edward Griffin, the president, returned a few weeks ago from England. Mrs. Spaulding of New York, who occupied, during the absence of Miss MacLean, the handsome residence belonging to Mr. Alexander MacLean in Bank street, gave it up on the 15th, and returned to New York. Mrs. Spaulding is an "American" lady who has quite a penchant for Ottawa. This is the second occasion of her taking a furnished house here for the season, but on the former occasion it was the winter season. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. P. Anderson celebrated their silver wedding on the 18th (Friday), and this afternoon they will be the host and hostess at a reception in the Racquet Court between the hours of 4.30 and 7. Mrs. and Miss Patterson, who have been at the Russell for some weeks, left on Wednesday for Brantford. Lady Laurier, Mrs. and Miss Fielding and Miss Amy Blair are among the ladies of the Cabinet circle who have gone with the Ministers to Halifax.

AMARYLLIS.

An English Football Sermon.

"Wot's the Christian life now, brethren? It's just a footer match—that's what it is; and you've a jolly 'ot team against yer. There's Covetousness playin' center forward, with Pride and Envy on the right wing, and Drink and Gamblin' on the left. A warm forward line, eh? So they are, and don't you forget it. But yer've got to get the ball past 'em. Then yer'll be tackled by the 'arves; and they're a stiffish lot, too. Falsehood's one of 'em, and Debt and Cheat'n' 's 'is colleagues. But yer must get past them likewise. Then comes the full-backs—the World and the Flesh. My! Don't they want some passin'. But pass 'em you must, and so I tell yer. Larst comes yer toughest job of the lot; for the Deville 'isself is in goal; and 'e do take some beatin' 'e do. But if yer play up to Gospel form, yer'll put the sphere inter the net all one for 'im," etc.

The Foodless Dinner.

We have the horseless carriage and the wireless telegraph, and now scientists propose the foodless dinner. M. Ballaud of Paris declares that he has discovered a new bean that grows in Brazil and Africa, tastes like a chestnut, is called voandzou, and contains in precise proportions everything that mankind requires to satisfy hunger and maintain strength and health. No more dinner parties in the scientific future. Instead of the elaborate preparations of the conventional banquet, we shall simply hand around a few handfuls of voandzous. No beverages will be needed; the new bean holds just the quantity of water necessary for absorption and digestion.

A New Theory.

The latest theory in explanation of lightning and thunder comes from an old colored preacher down Atlanta way: "Ever time Satan looks down en sees de Lawd's work gwine on," he told his congregation, "fire flashes fum his eyes. Dat's de lightning. En wen he fail ter hit a church wid it he lays back and hollers. Dat's de thunder." "But, passon," said an old deacon, "whar is Satan in de winter time? We don't have no lightning den." The preacher studied a minute and then said: "Well, hit may be, Br'er Williams, dat hell's froze over den."

An Unenthusiastic Tourist.

BEING THE IMPRESSIONS OF DON AND HIS PARTNER, RHEU, ON A TRIP TO EGYPT, PALESTINE AND ITALY.

XVIII.—A Modern "Miracle," and Other Frauds.

IN Jerusalem the great event of the year and the crowning glory of the Greek Holy Week is the descent of the Holy Fire. It is chiefly to see this alleged miracle that the thousands of Russian pilgrims and Armenian devotees come afoot over hundreds of "versts," through deserts and over mountains, and expose themselves to storms while crossing the sea in vessels which are often unfit to carry human beings. The tourist who is in Palestine, if it be near Eastertide, waits to witness the extraordinary spectacle of the altar fire of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre lit from Heaven. It is a time when the lives of the British and United States consuls are made miserable by the pleadings of English-speaking tourists to be granted a place in either one or other of the little high-up alcoves which are reserved in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre for these two officials. Neither of the little niches will hold more than five or six people, and when ten or twenty times as many people apply as there is accommodation for—and this happens every year—the consuls have a difficult task. As I had timed my visit to Jerusalem especially to see the Easter celebrations, I lost no time in obtaining an assurance from the British consul that I should be provided for.

At half-past twelve a half a dozen of us left the consul's office, accompanied by the secretary and two cavasses, for the scene of the prospective miracle. We took a back way in order to avoid perhaps two score other British subjects who, under the generalship of a Cook's guide, proposed to join us and slip in under the wing of the officials. By way of the Via Dolorosa we got into the cathedral, and there our troubles began. All the dark and loftily arched corridors were solidly packed with pilgrims, many of whom had been there not only the night before, but the previous day, in order to be sure of a place, and the condition of the atmosphere can better be imagined than described. As I had been with the cavasses on several previous occasions and had been wise enough to be liberal in my donations, they took particular interest in seeing that I did not get left. I hung on to an arm of each, and my draughtman pushed behind. As I was slowly "snaked" through the crowd I think that sometimes I must have been twelve feet long, my shoulders making so much better progress than my feet. The stones were slimy and slippery, the air heavy with the warmth and stench of a crowd which had been gathered for over twenty-four hours, and before I had got very far into the horrible jam I began to feel sick, but I hung on. The perspiration poured out of me as if I were in a Turkish bath, and my bones ached as the part of me attached to the cavasses went forward and my feet remained tangled in the crowd behind. It was simply awful, and lasted fifteen or twenty minutes, by which time I was going up crowded stone stairways and stumbling through little dark doors. At last, with a look of placid triumph, I was pushed into a little niche which overhung the main body of the cathedral and looked down upon the chapel containing the tomb. The rest of the outfit arrived with more or less disordered apparel, and eight of us occupied a space which was not sufficient for more than five. The stone pillar against which I leaned was cold, and my friend Rheu took such offence that neither of us has gotten over it since.

As I described in a previous chapter, the cathedral is a vast stone structure built over and enclosing a number of smaller edifices. On the floor some forty or fifty feet below me and stretching away into the darkness of the corridors approaching it, there was a solid mass of humanity packed together in a way that I had never seen before. Watching the main doorway, one could occasionally see a tourist or two being brought in by some officials, the women crying as their clothes were rent, but being sturdily dragged forward by their escorts. The pilgrims were probably engaged in prayer, but no sound came up but a sort of dull roar like a heavy sea breaking upon the sand.

In about half an hour a procession of priests and bishops, headed by His Beatitude the Patriarch of Jerusalem, entered from the monastery and took three turns around the chapel, into which the Patriarch entered unattended and shut the door. The excitement reached to fever heat, big negroes keeping an exit clear for the messenger who was first to obtain a candle lighted by the expected Heavenly fire. On each side of the chapel were two openings about the size of a man's hand, through the stone connecting with the altar, and both these orifices were jealously guarded. But the crowd, which by this time had almost passed restraint, had piled itself up against the chapel walls. Suddenly a loud shout, which broke into a deafening chorus of yells, shrieks and prayers, made the very stones of the vast dome seem to tremble. Fire had burst out horizontally from each of the openings. The messengers had lit their candles, and, assisted by the "bouncers," had gone forth to spread the light which by next morning would be blazing on the Greek altars of the whole of Palestine.

Amidst the wildest tumult it has been my privilege ever to witness, the whole mass of pilgrims lurched forward. Candles were lit and passed over the heads of the people by half-crazed men who ran across the shoulders of the crowd, stepping frequently on a head and now and then on an upturned face, as they carried the sacred fire to their friends who were in a distant part of the church. Men and women alike exposed their bosoms, and, taking the hot grease from the candles, rubbed it over their hearts and in their hair, and smeared it on their faces. The shouting and singing and shrieking continued until each one in that terribly excited crowd had passed his or her hands through the sacred fire and had felt its heat. The candles frequently were put out by those who seized them with such wild excitement, but they were re-lit from other candles which had been fired from the sacred source. Each person seemed to have brought a candle with him or her, and there were thousands blazing in that swaying and thoroughly crazed mob. It was a wonder that their scant clothing did not catch fire; probably the cotton cloth with which most of them were dressed, or at least partially dressed, was so soaked with perspiration as not to be inflammable. To be burned by the hot grease of the candles was a source of joy, and probably esteemed an act of purification.

As I turned to go away from the archway from which I had been observing the lengths to which credulity and fanaticism can go, I ran against a Roman Catholic priest with whom I had crossed from New York to Naples. He was a splendid specimen of humanity, with honest eyes and a sincere face which I could not but admire. Neither could I resist the impulse to ask him what he thought of it all. "The greatest religious fraud of the century," "Why," I retorted, "it is not fifty years since your own branch of the Church encouraged the same thing." "Ah, well," he answered, "it is never too late to mend, and I am glad that we dropped it."

"Why doesn't the Greek Church cut it out? Surely the credulity which these people have shown cannot last much longer."

"Here, ask Father ———. He is a Carmelite and his order has charge of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre." He introduced me to a tall and cultured-looking man in the garb of the Carmelites, at the same time telling me that he was an American by birth. The monk shook his head. "I am afraid it is because the Greek Church dare not startle their people by announcing that these 'miracles' would occur no more. If the present Patriarch were to tell the facts with regard to this sacred fire and refuse

FOR MAYOR OF GREATER NEW YORK.



EDWARD M. SHEPARD, Tammany.



SETH LOW, Reform.

to have anything more to do with the deception, he would not retain his position for twenty-four hours. It was once rumored that a Patriarch did attempt to discontinue these alleged miracles, but he was found dead the next morning.

"Poison?" whispered the priest enquiringly. The monk shrugged his shoulders and said he would be glad to show us an exit by which we might avoid the crowd.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in the curio shop of an Orthodox Greek. I was shown rosaries, statuettes, crosses, representations of saints, sacred relics, etc., made from olive wood and other materials which Palestine produces. The dealer endeavored to induce me to buy a large stock of rosaries, and in his oily, unctuous way suggested that I should take a gross of them. "You know, de people dey like de relic from Palestine. I sell you de rosary in beeg quantity ver' cheap. You can get de whole boxful blessed by de Patriarch all at one time. It cost ver' little and you can sell 'em for ver' beeg price because he have been blessed by de Patriarch." He must have thought I was a Yankee and wanted to speculate in rosaries, for even when I declined on the ground that I was too busy to bother with such things he still insisted. "I will have been blessed for you. Zee whole boxful, jus' few drops Holy Water and a few word. De whole ting for blessed heem not cost you more 'an twenty piastres" (about a dollar). I declined the tempting offer, though I bought a few, which still remain unblessed. He assured me that all his rosaries were made of olive wood taken from Mount Olivet, but when I told him that I had ridden over the mountain to get a good view of Jerusalem and had seen the stumps of no trees recently cut, he only laughed and shrugged his shoulders as he replied, "Of course everting made of zee olive wood come from de Mount of Olives. We always tell de customer dat; he try to tink it is true, so when he give de ting made of olive wood to someone he can tell dat it come from de Mount of Olives and not feel dat he tell a lie."

It is strange that at the birthplace of Christianity such frauds as the Holy Fire stand ready to show us how easily the multitude can be deluded by alleged "miracles" in which no educated or travelled people have the slightest confidence; even the guides professing the Greek faith laugh at them. It is enough to make us wonder whether some of the miracles recorded by the apostles had the same credulous peasants for witnesses. However, it does not matter whether the recorded miracles of those days be true or not, for they are much easier to understand than the miraculous things of nature which we see every day.

(To be continued.)

Seton-Thompson and Kipling.

COMPARING his animal stories with those of Kipling, Ernest Seton-Thompson, in an interview in the "Critic," points out that the animals in the "jungle tales" are treated as types, personifications, of certain human qualities.

"It is from the imaginative point of view, I should say," suggested the interviewer, "that Kipling's jungle stories are written, rather than the scientific."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Seton-Thompson, "he didn't pretend to write anything but fiction in doing them."

"You are acquainted with him, are you not? I have seen it stated that you told him the story of 'Wahb' before it appeared in the 'Century,' and that he urged you to write it, despite your objection that it was not worth doing. Is that true?"

"It is true that I told him the story, but I don't know that that had anything to do with my writing it, as at the time it was already partly on paper."

"Well, that is pretty accurate for a newspaper story, at all events."

Dickens' Unconscious Poetry.

Every now and then some one points out the "unconscious poetry" in some novel. A certain Dr. Dabbs has taken "Barnaby Rudge," from which he quotes a passage, which, if written as blank verse, would run thus:

He raised

His head; gazed upward at the quiet sky,
Which seemed to smile upon the earth in sadness.
As if the night, more thoughtful than the day,
Looked down in sorrow on the sufferings
And evil deeds of men; and felt its peace
Sink deep into his heart. He, a poor idiot,
Caged in his narrow cell, was as much lifted
Up to God, while gazing on that wild
Light, as the freest and most favored man
In all the spacious city; and in his ill-
Remembered prayer, and in the fragment of
The childish hymn, with which he sung and crooned
Himself asleep, there breathed as true a spirit
As ever studied homily expressed.
Or old cathedral arches echoed.

The Color Line in Toronto.

WHO says there is no color line in Canada? The most substantial and real inequality is not inequality before the law, as in the Southern States, but the inequality proclaimed by social usage.

On a Toronto street car the other night the color line was drawn with a distinctness almost amusing. A big black man—a laborer, with dinner-pail and rough clothes—got into an open trailer. He was certainly not an Adonis—not even an Adonis in ebony, just a great, powerful, coarse-featured but harmless-looking "buck." The night being chill and the car at the very commencement of its trip, there were few people in the trailer, and Sambo had a whole seat to himself.

Soon, as the car worked along, block by block, the seats in the closed motor became filled, and people commenced to clamber on the trailer. But nobody cared to sit near the black man, and after all the other seats were occupied, girls in their neat down-town finery and young men with gloves and newspapers hesitated to board the section where sat the big negro, apparently oblivious to disapprobation. The rest of the car became as closely packed with passengers as a showcase cigar-box with "two-fors," but the son of Ham still sat as isolated as an icicle. And he didn't seem to mind it much, just looking on with stolid indifference while the white trash trampled one another's "paddles" and hung to the uprights of the car.

At a cross street the crowded cars slowed up for a couple of passengers, who hastened to get aboard, for the conductor kept his hand on the bell-rope. First they made

a jump at the seat occupied by the lone African; but noting the occupant, they hesitated, made first towards the front, then towards the rear, and finally, rather than lose their car, jumped into the seat and edged along as far from the colored man as possible.

Then the lights revealed that the newcomers also were "cullahed pehsons"—dandy "yellow coons," however, with good clothes and the manners of white people—a gay youth and his "honey gal."

The big buck hadn't winced under the ostracism of the white trash, but to be turned down by "coons," and "yellow coons" at that, was too much for his equanimity. He turned his face full upon them with such a look of indignant scorn and deep disgust as would make the fortune of any burnt cork artist on the vaudeville stage.

Then he calmly reached up and pulled the bell. The car stopped at the corner and the buck got out with his dinner-pail, shooting at his cream-colored neighbors one last look of amused contempt as he descended to the foot-board. He preferred to walk to his destination rather than be publicly flouted by those of his own race.

There was a whole treatise on human nature in the little incident. LANCE.

Czar and Duke.

WRITING of the Czar's visit to France, a Paris correspondent says: "Since his marriage, which took place, it may be remembered, on the morrow of his father's funeral, Nicholas has become thoroughly domesticated. As a family man he is a model to his subjects. His relations with the Empress seem affectionately amiable. I should say that his amiability is not confined to his family circle. But one must not regard him as weakly kind or easy-going. There is tenacity of purpose, and, I am assured, even a strong alloy of hardness and mistrustfulness under his pretty, gentle manners. His likeness to the Duke of Cornwall has been often noticed. But there is a striking difference in the eyes. The Czar's eyes are small. When his face does not light up with his charming smile they are cold, inquiring, a little hard, and not without astuteness and astuteness. He has passed his life among tricky people, and judges them for what they are worth, takes good care not to give himself away, and has an instinctive perception of the benefits that accrue to the master of millions in being more enigmatic than open. The Duke of Cornwall has full, candid, and rather kindly eyes. He passed the best part of his life among an extremely truthful class of men—British naval officers. Nothing, I imagine, would convert him into a diplomat like his Imperial cousin."

Can Europe Conquer Asia?

MR. MEREDITH TOWNSEND has been one of the editors and owners of the London "Spectator" since 1861. Before that he lived and labored for twelve years in India. For fifty years he has been observing and writing about the people and concerns of Asia in their relations to Europe. Lately he published a collection of these writings in a book, out of which it is possible to bring away some interesting conclusions. For nearly two thousand years Europe has been trying, off and on, to conquer Asia. Mr. Townsend thinks it is a bigger job than Europe at all appreciates. A lasting conquest of Asia he believes to be impracticable, though the whole continent is likely to be partitioned off to European nations to experiment with. He does not even believe that England will retain India. He sees no prospect that India will be either Anglicized or Christianized, though he makes some suggestions in the direction of making the labors of the Christian missionaries more efficient. England, he thinks, will give the offices in India more and more to natives, until presently the natives will be ruling the country, and the English will not be there. And when the English go, their works will follow them, and India will again be Asiatic.

Mr. Townsend does not even believe that the Turkish Empire will crumble because of internal rottenness. He says it will last, and continue pretty strong, until outside forces destroy it. He dwells upon the natural preference of the Asiatics for despots. Law to them is the will of a ruler, and they respect a ruler whose will is abundant, and who uses it freely as seems best to himself. He seems incredulous of the possibility of changing the characteristics of races. Just as he believes that the Asiatic will be Asiatic to the end, so he believes that the negro race has not in itself the power of rising in civilization beyond a certain point. The negro cannot originate like the European nor imitate like the Asiatic. But for the white man he will not advance. He is and always has been more or less a child. So thinks Mr. Townsend.

Uncanny.

Some old snuff-takers still employ a small horn spoon to convey the precious particles to their nostrils. At a banquet in Edinburgh lately, the attention of the chairman was drawn to a gentleman of the ancient school who had a remarkable snuff-box with one of these spoons. The box was handed round, and much admired, and several members of the company put the spoon to its primitive use with a pleasant sense of keeping up old customs. Presently the owner challenged them to guess what the spoon was made of. Vainly they tried fish and fowl, the tusk of the elephant, the horn of the mountain-goat, and were not a little startled when the old gentleman told them with a pleasant smile that the spoon was human. It was made from the wristbone of a notorious murderer who had been hanged about forty years before. If you chance to find yourself in the family tomb, like Juliet, you may be sufficiently excited to talk about playing with the thigh-bones of your ancestors. After all, they are your own kith and kin, and have not done anything of which you need be ashamed. But to toy at the dinner-table with the wristbone of a man who was righteously hanged, and to use it as a spoon for taking snuff—these are experiences that might well chill the after-dinner geniality even of Scotsmen, familiar as they are with the uncanny.

Grogan on Reformers.

"Did y' ever notice how de reformers works? It's like dis:

"De Reverent Mr. Jones t'inks de booze shops oughter close up at ten o'clock ev'ry night, coz dat's de time when most people commences ter git toasty."

"De Reverent Mr. Smith agrees wit' de Reverent Mr. Jones, only he t'inks ten o'clock is too late. He wants ter make nine o'clock de limit."

"Does de two Reverents git togedder an' compromise on nine-thoit? Nit! Each of 'em gits up a party of his own, an' so does ev'ry udder duck wot's got a pet reform t'eory rattlin' around in his nut. When election time comes round, dey puts six or seven tickets in de field, an' each ticket gits six or seven votes."—New York "Life."

"Life is like John Gilpin's horse; at the beginning of the journey it walks most soberly; later it breaks into a trot; at middle age it goes at the gallop, and towards the end it bolts."

Saadi, the poet, was once asked from whom he learned his good manners; his reply was "From the ill-mannered." Although much may be learned from opposites, caution from the reckless, thrift from the prodigal, and truthfulness from the untruthful, the supply of such teachers exceeds the demand.

The Talmud says there are four kinds of pupils: the sponge and the funnel, the strainer and the sieve. The sponge is he who taketh up everything, and the funnel is he who taketh in at this ear and letteth out at that; the strainer is he that letteth go the wine and retaineth the dross, and the sieve is he that letteth go the bran and retaineth the fine flour.



Johnnie Canuck—"I think I could lift it if it wasn't for the fence."

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen.

Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., Sept. 24, 10 a.m.
Kronprinz Wilhelm, Tues., Oct. 1, noon.
Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues., Oct. 8, 10 a.m.
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., Oct. 22, 10 a.m.

New York, Bremen

Friedrich der Grosse, Thursday, Sept. 26, 10 a.m.
Grosser Kurfuerst, Thursday, Oct. 3, 10 a.m.
H. H. Meier, Thursday, Oct. 10, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN, NAPLES, GENOA

Trave, Sat., October 5, 11 a.m.
Hohensollern, Sat., October 12, 4 p.m.
Lahn, Sat., October 19, 10 a.m.
Furst Bismarck, Wed., October 23, 11 a.m.
Aler, Sat., November 2, 10 a.m.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

73 Yonge Street, Toronto

AMERICAN LINE

New York—Southampton—London
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.
Philadelphia, Oct. 23, Philadelphia, Nov. 13
St. Paul, Oct. 30, St. Paul, Nov. 20
Friesland, Nov. 6, noon, Haverford, Nov. 27, n

RED STAR LINE

New York—Antwerp—Paris
Sailing Wednesdays at noon.
Kensington, Oct. 23, Friesland, Nov. 6
Zeeland, Oct. 30, Southwark, Nov. 13
New Twin Screw Steamers calling at
Cherbourg.International Navigation Company
Piers 14 and 15, N.R. Office—73 Broadway.
Barlow Cumberland, 73 Yonge St., Toronto

River & Lake Trips

St. Lawrence River and Gulf
and all local points.
Barlow Cumberland, 73 Yonge St., Toronto

New York & Cuba Mail S.S. Co.

Nassau, Havana, Mexico and all Central
American and West India Trips.

E. M. MELVILLE, Can. Pass. Agent, Toronto

The Grand Central Station.

This is the only station in the city of
New York, and those desiring to be
landed in the city without transfer
should bear in mind that the New York
Central is the only railroad whose
trains run into it, and should get tickets
accordingly.
C.P.R. or Niagara River Line agents
for tickets and information.

Anecdotal.

George Ade, the Chicago man who
writes the "Fables in Slacks," hails
from Indiana, which he has said is a
State which a man "should never go
back on—or to." The other night he
met an Indiana woman who asked him
if he had ever noticed how many bright
people come from Indiana. "Yes," he
replied, "and the brighter they are the
quicker they come."A lunacy commissioner was making
his customary rounds. An inmate
whose particular fancy it was to pose
as a much-married man approached
with the announcement that he had
once again taken to himself a wife.
"And who is the fortunate lady?" said
the commissioner. "Ah," said the lunatic,
smiling sweetly, "she's the daughter
of the devil." "Indeed, and how do
you get on together?" "Get on? Oh,
well, I get on right enough with the
wife; but it's the old people I can't put
up with."When Miss Delaville Barrington was
playing Miami in The Green Bushes at
the old Mary Street Theater, Cork, a
ludicrous incident occurred. Miami
has to jump into the Mississippi, but
Miss Barrington reached the rocky
eminence from which she had to leap
she saw there was no matress below
to receive her; also the ledge of rock
in front of the supposed river was too
low to conceal the actress after her
leap. Miss Barrington, however, nothing
daunted, took her leap, and came
down with a thud on the bare stage.
The situation struck a member of the
"gods," for a stentorian voice called
out: "Oh, be jabsers, 'tis frozen!"A salutation of respect in China is to
comment on the mature and even venerable
appearance of one's guest. When
the United States Minister to Siam (Mr.
Barrett) called officially on Li Hung
chang he was accompanied by a prominent
missionary, a man eighty years
of age, with white hair and beard, who
was to serve as interpreter. Unknown
to Mr. Barrett, the missionary and the
Chinese man had had a falling out some
years before. Li came into the reception
room, saluted Mr. Barrett cordially,
and bowed stiffly to the patriarchal
interpreter. To the youthful Minister
the Premier said: "I congratulate you,
sir, on your venerable mission," and
then, nodding toward the interpreter,
he asked: "And is this your son?"A Highland laird who could not afford
to keep his own piper was accus-
tomed to employ the village piper when
he had company. On one occasion,
through some oversight, Donald had
not been given his preliminary glass of
whiskey before he began his performance.
Accordingly, he found his big
pipe in a most refractory temper. The
laird asked him what was the matter
with it, and Donald replied that the
beater was so hard that he could do
nothing with it. "What will soften it?"
asked the anxious laird. "Och! just
whiskey," said Donald. A tumbler ofPlaying
CardsHave you seen the super-
fine English Whist Cards
which we are selling?

SIX PACKS FOR \$1.25

All the New Books at
"The Bookshop."

WM. TYRRELL & CO.

No. 8 King St. West.

Uncle Eben—I'm fever, Mandy, we didn't git here in time to see the
best part 'o' the show. I'd like ter see the man climb up 'n' light them
lamps in the roof up thar. Must take a powerful long ladder, by hooky.

A Worthy Garment.

Shines, Electric and Social. Loyal
Hysteries.NE of the stand-bys of woman
is the old black dress.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.It is never too loose nor too tight. It
relation always ready to
make up a hand at whist
or sit with her back to the
horses, the old black dressis a very present aid in an emergency.
It may be of satin once glorious in
sheen and fibre, now a bit gray on the
folds, or of lace once whole and graceful,
now cobbled with many a darn and
reinforced with many a square of net.had Their Royal Highnesses had one
look into the hall I think they would
have returned to their glowing bower
at Government House as fast as their
postillions could ride. It has occurred
to me that there must have been some
way of avoiding this uncomfortable
scene.Now and then some quiet person is
brought to the front by some public or
private ceremonial, and the spectators
stand agape at the unsuspected beauty
and dignity of a man or woman who
has been modestly possessing these fair
gifts in seclusion. So it was with one
lovely pile of buildings in the heart of
our city when the magic electric fire
outlines, it might be said, the murky
sky. Gray Onondago Hall touched round
all its pure outlines with that golden
glow, stood like some glorified Greek
temple before our astonished eyes. The
perfect form of this lawyers' battlefield
was an education and a delight. The
twelve pinnacles starting from its class-
ic roof were all right from base to crest.
The denuded tress held up bare arms of
amazement at the beautiful lines of
the Corinthian temple. One could fan-
tasy as one watched it glowing through
the black night, that the sonorous
Greek voice of some bygone orator
might easily come sounding from its
brilliant facade, or the lofty chant of
the priests of Diana or the Chorus
of some Greek tragedy might burst
forth into the night. When I
have forgotten gaudy arch and lovely
Ottawa Parliament House; when
even that supernal tower across the
lake shall have blurred its outlines, the
exquisite Greek lines of Onondago, so
simple, so satisfying, will shine in my
memory as the most perfect thing in
connection with the visit of Royalty
to Canada.I wonder how many heartaches have
been borne because of the wounded
pride, ambition and self-conceit of the
people who were neither entertained
nor reclaimed from the Atlantic to the
Pacific. On one hand is the crowd of
delight and assumed indifference of
those whom chance, or fate, or pull, or
energy or simply plain right of posi-
tion, brought into speaking contact with
Royalty. There is quite a lot of fami-
liar talking of Prince This and Duke
That and Serene Highness the Other
Man. This is quite natural. One can-
not say George and May and Alexan-
der, however intimate a handshake
may have made us. And it is also
natural that the crowd should feel all
these Highnesses the most lovable and
delightful of beings. But for pity's
sake, don't let us babble too much over
it, nor strenuously insist on impress-
ing upon those who "never touched
'em" how perfectly sublime a lot they
are. I was dumfounded (whatever
that is!) to be told by a hysterical
newspaper man that the Duchess was
"a divine woman." And some time
ago an excited married editor cried
upon the house-top—or at least in a
theater-stall, which is much more pub-
lic—that he had never in his life met a
woman her equal. His opportunities
with the fair sex must have been very
meagre if they didn't amount to more
than good gazing and listening to a
few remarks and observing a few
smiles from the Princess of diploma-
tics, the Duchess of Cornwall and York."F'what d'ye call 'em, Mickey?" said
an innocent little Arab to an older boy,
as they watched the Royal pair. "Ye
can call 'em Dutch an' Dutchess or
Dook an' Dookess. I hear it both
ways," said Mickey, changing feet and
getting ready to cheer. Every time I
saw that Duchess I liked her better
and more and more recognized her
bounding vitality, her genuine sense
and her power of grasping very quick-
ly new and difficult situations. I got
my first impression of her twenty years
ago, when she was a very mischievous
and merry little maid, and the making
of just such a fine woman as she is to-
day. There is something independent
about her—none of the taken-care-of
and reliant air which is the sweetest
charm in the little lady of Rideau. She
is finally the justification of Queen Vic-
toria's selection of her as a suitable
being for some day, a Queen. And
she will "queen it" when her hour
comes, or my name isn't.

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-
quests correspondents to observe the following
Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist
of at least six lines of original matter, includ-
ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be
answered in their order, unless under unusual
circumstances. Correspondents need not take
up their own and the Editor's time by writing
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-
tions, scraps or poetical cards are not studied.
4. Please address Correspondence Column.
Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons
are not studied.The Queen of Sheba.—A thousand pardons
for not having posted your inclosure
before. I have done so. Your let-
ter is a very interesting one, and the
trait which you object to, namely, a
too exacting and fierce affection, is one
of the weaknesses of your natal month.
I might have known you were a Ma-
child, but, then, you are pretty well ad-
vanced and have probably overcome
much of the materialism of your sign.
Taurus rules from April 22 on. He is
strong, but easily led by kindness and
tact. I am glad you love your mother
earth. The earth children always should
do so, and as to rambling in the woods
alone, it may be fine fun, but I am
afraid to see clear skies. Some day
your Majesty, we shall probably meet.
Au revoir!Wilkins Micawber.—Delightful man!
If you knew how I dote upon you! There
is not one of Dickens people who so de-
lights me as Micawber. Do I ever get
lines from people I should like to
know? Don't I, indeed, and sometimes
do get to know them—better than they
think! Your remarks about correspond-
ence columns were lovely. I should even
have been tickled by them if you hadn't
expressed this all remarkable. And so my
column is like one half of a telephone talk.
You know, one must shield the others de-
cently. I am always a bit leary of
those agony letters since I was witness
to an ungodly scheme put up by five
young rascals on a good lady editor. Oh,
the agony letters! About remember, I
gotten the raging Caroline to whom you
refer. Why rage? It gives one indi-
gestion, red nose, and an unhappy life
generally. "Cheerful idiots" do some-
times strike this digressions, but we are
kind to them. See how nice I am being
to you! Your study is rather inde-
pendent, and your outlook bright and
capable. You are very observant, facile
in expression, and a trifle over-enthu-
siastic. Your aim is not to
rule, but to direct. You talk a good
deal, and are generally worth listeningFRILLS
Who would wear a Skirt without an ACCORDION
or KNIFE PLEATED frill?

PLEATING

Is now less expensive owing to new methods,
modern machinery and reduced profits. We can
guarantee the most economical prices
that should tempt the most economical inclined.
Special attention given to Pleating Ladies' and
Children's Skirts.
Hemstitching, Double Hemstitching, Fancy
Fitching, Tucking, Cording, Ruching, Shirring,
Pinking, Chiffon and Silk Ruffs made to order.
All work guaranteed and executed with despatch.
See that your Silk Belts have our label attached.
Sole Patentees and Canadian Manufacturers for
the World Famous

FEATHERBONE.

46 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Canada Featherbone Co.

PRICE LIST SENT UPON REQUEST.



Crompton Corsets.

Have an unrivalled reputation through-
out Canada as the most durable and
most comfortable corsets extant. The
Crompton new straight front, bias
gored models develop a poise charming
and chic, giving that graceful incurv
at the back and stylish dip in front
universally sought for in present style
of dress.

Sold by all Leading Merchants

There is some abruptness of ap-
proach and no conventional in your
method. You are careful of detail, crisp
and almost epigrammatic in expression;
a clever, but not a strong, conversational-
ist. The study has no indication of
sex, but may be a very progressive and
courageous woman or a bright and re-
ceptive man. You have generally rather a
former notion, but that's a detail.Agnes Brewster.—A discursive, bright
and very able mind, lots of enterprise,
freedom of speech, honesty of method,
and a trifle of vanity. All those large
letters commencing your words mark the
beauty of your study. Every day isn't
address me as "dear friend." This column
doesn't own a capital should be content
with a small letter. I hate to dissect
and criticize so bright and charming a
study. You have inspiration, original-
ity, dash, and great force of purpose,
but you are, I fancy, sometimes a bit
superficial. You have generally rather a
practical mind, and a method both
breezy and stimulating. Don't think
you always achieve grace and clearness
of expression, and the haste of your con-
clusions sometimes makes second thought
a blessing.Kay.—How perfectly trusting of you to
send me your love! I wonder what
hubby would think of that? Don't you
know quite a few of my correspondents
address me as "dear friend." This column
being unsigned, it may be the charge of
any old person. Well, it warns me
to get such letters as yours some-
times. Your writing is generous, ven-
erally and somewhat imaginative; tena-
city and firm and dominant will show
in it, as well as a very practical turn.
You are generally amenable, with streaks
of self-will; speculative thought is
shaded, and at times a tendency to de-
pendency. You are honest but not acute;
a noble type of humanity, I'll warrant!Mignon.—I suppose you are sister to
a "grace." There is a certain develop-
ment of resemblance, but you are likely
to break bounds and develop something
better very soon. At present the study
shows a mixture of strength and
weakness, and very unformed.Catherine.—November 7th brings you
under Scorpio, a water sign—very strong
and capable of wonderful develop-
ment; you are practical, love effect and
display; would very likely be a bit in-
sensitive in your expression and not quite
natural in your manner. It is a studied,
determined and generally material.
Remember, if you haven't already learned
it, that there are better things than
those we see, rarer gifts than those we
hold, and that matter is below spirit.Sutcliffe.—It is always unwise to rush
into print about some one else's grievance,
my dear woman. Later develop-
ments of the Welsh case, so far as I've
noticed, seem to make out that Welch is
quite an acquisition to the force. I
think I saw that a lot of prominent per-
sons had petitioned to have him re-in-
stated. Personally, I am great friends
with the police—from the Colonel to the
lowest Irish six-footed one. I think, but
no force can be perfect, and I am quite
willing to accept your testimony that
there have been cases of oppression and
persecution of penitent offenders or mis-
judged persons such as you describe. But
generally are less than useless. Pro-
tect your persecuted and the persecutor
and you'll soon have things straightened
up. A perfectly innocent person who
has any sense at all won't run counter
to our big Bobbies—at least, my observa-
tion points to that conclusion.Number Two.—I am afraid they're
goners, my dear. So sorry, for they
were great lot! Your own study is
bright to a degree, full of energy and
sometimes over-hasty; careful of detail,
receptive, frank and businesslike, and
a very fine nature, and sure to be a
popular and inspiring person. Grace of
expression and easiness of diction are
shown. Writer is tenacious, but not
narrow. No mould or dust obtains in
his or her vicinity.Quest.—Your letter was opened too late
to be of any service, and the description
of your gown, ravishing as it sounded,
does not belong to this column. It may
of not prove useful elsewhere. I am
sorry for the discourtesy you say
you received from other quarters, but
an unknown woman arriving in demand
lines of description, in advance, of a
half-mourning gown, had all her nerve
with her. I fancy any of our
women in the Press Gallery on the night
of the Reception (it wasn't a drawing-
room)—would size you up properly if
you were at all remarkable. Don't lay
yourself open to snubs, and preserve
your self-respect. We are getting very
vulgar about our "glad rags" in some
quarters.Ecco Homo.—I, No, I don't think so.
2. Your writing shows great purpose,
courage and will. I think you'd tackle
any sort of contract and carry it
through with success. It is a most
speaking hand. You love beauty and
are susceptible to charm. I think you
would not, however, sacrifice to the eye
anything of real value. You cannot
lead; you drive, or compel obedience and
assent. Without the strong inspiration
and self-respect you have, you would bea dangerous and unscrupulous person in
any walk of life. So you "know me
well." Ah, go along; so do thousands
of folk, or think they do.St. Catharines
Saline SpringsFOR
Gout,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Nervousness,
Liver Complications, Etc.Special attention given to Diet and Mas-
sage.
Physicians are solicited to correspond
with Dr. McEoy, physician in charge.
Skilled attendants in Baths. Steam heat
in each room. Elevator. Porcelain
baths. Toilet-rooms on each floor.
One and one-half hours' ride from Toron-
to without change.
Apply to—

The Welland Hotel & Sanitarium Co.

Cor. King and
Bay Sts.
Toronto.

CLANCEY'S

RECOGNIZED AS THE LEADING
Hotel and Restaurantof the City. The appointments and service are
thoroughly up to date, and the location is one
that insures for patrons bright and airy rooms.
Everything is new, and the fittings and fur-
nishings are of the latest design. The Oriental
wine-rooms and German furnishings in the
restaurant give the hotel a continental rep-
utation. The hotel and restaurant are under
the direct supervision of the proprietor.
E. B. CLANCEY.Windsor
SaltAll Salt is not all
salt—Windsor
Salt contains noth-
ing but pure,
white Salt crystals.Sells on its merits
as a high-grade
table salt—"high-
grade" because it
is clean, white, dry.
It is all salt!

Sold Every where.

O'Keefe's Special

Turn It
Upside Down—DRINKS IT ALL
—NO DREGS
—NOT CARBONATEDThe success attained
in the short time this
Ale has been before the
public is unprecedentedA single trial will
convince.

To be had at all hotels and dealers

The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. of Toronto

Limited

THE
DOMINION BREWERY CO.

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of
the CelebratedWHITE LABEL
JUBILEE and
INDIA PALE... ALESThe above brands are the genuine extract of
Malt and Hops.

October 19, 1901

A G
PEO
on
be
la
re
at
to
sing
A w
the
the
part
"The
Turk
there
thought
there
have
er still
charm
only d
traders
talked
every
body e
as if m
sitive, f
ally.

"Two A
player w
sounded
but whic
trying to
through th
which they
ourselves in
two large
was a larg
tain of rou
it. It had
all round f
to undress
Two small
one, which
voted guest
"At last
bright-col
that for w
wound rou
crossing in
shoulder

A Genuine Turkish Bath.

PECULIAR characteristic of the Turkish family is that when one of its members is about to be married invitations on a very large scale are sent out to all relations, relations-to-be and friends to attend the Turkish bath. This occurs a couple of days before the wedding, and is always made a day of great festivity and rejoicing, whilst the Turkish women spend hour after hour at the bath, eating, chatting and bathing to the sound of Arabic music and singing.

A writer in the London "Queen" gives the following graphic account of one of these parties:

"The outer gate was guarded by Turkish soldiers, who are stationed there to prevent uninvited guests from entering; for, knowing that Hassibeh Hanoum had engaged the whole bath, there were actually some women who thought they would like to come in and have a bath for nothing! And, stranger still, the hostess was such a charming little woman that she not only did not mind, but bade the intruders make themselves at home, asked to them and treated them in every way as graciously as she did everybody else. To a European it seemed as if the Moslem mind is not over sensitive, for they took it all quite naturally.

"Two Arab fiddlers and a cymbal player were discoursing what probably sounded sweet music to the Arab ear, but which, to put it mildly, was a little trying to an English one. Once through the small ante-chamber in which they were playing, we found ourselves in the first and coolest of the two large rooms of the bath itself. This was a large stone room, with a fountain of running water in the middle of it. It had a raised and cushioned dais all round it, on which the guests were to undress and prepare for the bath. Two small rooms led out of the big one, which were reserved for the favored guests.

"At last we were ready. Short, bright-colored sheets—I must call them that for want of a better name—were wound round the body, with the ends crossing in front and thrown over each shoulder; with our hair down and our feet in sandals we were taken back again into the large outer room which we had passed through when we first came in. It was quite warm even here, and the dais all round the room was crowded with women and children preparing for the bath. I tried to count them, but failed hopelessly. There must have been quite a hundred. They swarmed everywhere on the dais, in different stages of undress—on the floor, walking about in bright-colored bathing sheets—a laughing, happy lot of women and girls, each of them ready to get plenty of amusement out of the afternoon. And what marvelously pretty girls some of them were! Perhaps the costume had a little to do with it, for there was a particular grace in the way it was worn. There was one girl I was quite taken with, and that was the bride's sister, a young girl of seventeen, who had been married four months. She was tall, very bright-looking, with brown eyes and light brown hair, and a complexion which would have made Venus herself jealous; her blue and white bathing-sheet and a string of yellow beads round her neck seemed to accentuate her beauty and the whiteness of her skin. There were many others like her. Some were tall, some were short; some plain, some really lovely; fair and dark, stout and thin, if you avail pour tous les gouts. But there was one thing which they shared in common, and that was a look of happiness and of pleasure, which seemed hard to understand when one stops to think of the dull, monotonous, narrow life they have to lead.

"I noticed a crowd down one end of the room, and was just asking what was going on there, when Hassibeh Hanoum ran up to me, seized my arm, and told me to come and see the 'arous' (bride). I followed, expecting to see something very wonderful, and must confess I was very much disappointed. What I saw was a little girl, who, they told me, was fourteen, but who did not look more than ten. Poor little thing! She was not pretty, but she had a dear little brown face all the same, and she was so very shy with all the fuss made over her. She had come out from the inner room for the sort of half-time period which one has to spend in the cooler room after having been in the hot one, for you must have two baths in the hot room before you are done, and you spend the time in between by cooling yourself in the outer one and chatting to your friends.

"Well, we left the little bride Zahra (flower), and went into another large room like the first one, but which seemed to me to be absolutely scalding. This one was all marble and had an enormous marble slab in the center, with oceans of soapy water running down it; it was just about as slippery as it could be, and I slipped my sandals off, feeling that if I kept them on any longer I should soon be sprawling on the floor. Little rooms, still hotter, if possible, are built all round this one, and it is in these that the actual scrubbing and massage takes place; but all these rooms were occupied when we came, so we waited in the marble one until a vacancy should occur. We were told it was far better to wait and perspire before being massaged. Well, if that was one of the rules, we followed it with a vengeance, and it felt as if one had had the bath long before one had been near the water. At last, after what seemed a time of unending boiling, our hostess came and said one of the rooms was ready for us. There were seven others in it, but that was nothing, and down we squatted on the floor. A negress came up to each one of us, produced a leaf (a coarse-fibred plant), and commenced the massage—while by the way, is done dry, without any water. All the time the bride was being washed, and while the soap was running down in great handfuls into her eyes, the Arabs sang and made that strange, vibrating cry which all Easterns use at weddings, and which seemed to be made by the back of the throat, somehow.

"When the bath was over two attendants brought the bride and her sister to the towels and wrapped them in them before taking them to the first room again. These towels, let me tell you, are very different from our coarse, plain ones, and the way they put them on is a lesson in graceful dexterity. The bride's were white, embroidered in white silk, and her sister's were white, embroidered in gold. There are three of them: a long large one for the body, a long, narrow one for the shoulders, and a third for the head. Zahra looked a dear little girl in hers, but I felt as if I could not take my eyes off her sister as she stood up in front of me, a tall, graceful figure in white and gold, with oh! such a pretty face smiling out at me from the folds of the towel on her head. They both salaamed deeply to each of us before going out, and left us to continue the operation of washing. The last thing done was to cover our hair with rose-scented fuller's earth, and, indeed, it was a queer sight to see everyone around with mud-caked heads. Then we were marched back through the marble room into the outer one to wait a little before returning for the final wash.

"We sat down enjoying the change, whilst we were regaled with Turkish coffee and lemonade, and friendly young women stood chattering about. The failure of ointments, salves and pills to permanently cure piles has led many to believe the only cure to be a surgical operation.

But surgical operations are dangerous to life, and, moreover, are often unsuccessful, and at this time are no longer used by the best physicians nor recommended by them.

The safest and surest way to cure any one of piles, whether itching, bleeding or protruding, is to use the Pyramid Pile Cure, composed of vegetable oils and acids, healing and soothing to the inflamed parts, and containing no opium or other narcotic.

Dr. Williams, a prominent official surgeon, says: "It is the duty of every surgeon to avoid an operation if possible to cure in any other way, and after many trials with the Pyramid Pile Cure I unhesitatingly recommend it in preference to an operation."

The harmless acids and oils contained in it cause the blood vessels to contract to a natural condition, and the tumors are absorbed and the cure is made without pain, inconvenience or detention from business.

In bleeding and itching piles the Pyramid is equally valuable.

In some cases a single package of the Pyramid has cured long-standing cases; being in suppository form it is always ready for use, can be carried in the pocket when traveling; it is applied at night and does not interfere with the daily occupation.

The Pyramid Pile Cure is not only the safest and surest remedy for piles, but it is the best known and most popular from Maine to California. Every physician and druggist knows it and what it will do.

The Pyramid Pile Cure can be found at all drug stores at 50c for full-sized treatment.

A little book on cause and cure of piles mailed free, by addressing the Pyramid Drug Company, Marshall, Mich.

ing for my employers to come and lift me out of my place? No, indeed. 'Mike,' I fitted myself for a better position. I put in my spare time finding out things about the way the establishment was run. I made myself too valuable to be kept at the bottom. I was determined from the start that I would be promoted, not merely for my own benefit, but for the benefit of the firm. I decided to make myself so valuable that they could not afford not to take advantage of my knowledge and my ability. I think a great many young men make mistakes in the attitude they assume at the start. They try to get up merely for their own profit. They should make themselves so competent that their employers could not help seeing that it would be unprofitable to keep them down. You have a hundred chances here for every one that I had when I started. Three-fourths of the time you have nothing to do. You could put in this time studying and finding out how our business is done. In that way you could make yourself worth more to the firm than you are at present. Why don't you do it?"

"Mike" slowly removed his heels from the box on which they had rested, and, after having gulped down a mouthful of nicotine, he replied:

"I've noticed one thing around this place. The less a fellow knows the less he has to do."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

Wit and Wisdom from New Books.

How little the world knows about its modest heroes who bear burdens uncomplainingly and show no envy towards those who are more fortunately situated from a worldly point of view. —"Blennershasett."

Master Haves spoke shrilly and with a hiss, for which he would have been admired had it been affected, but for which he was often ridiculed because it was natural. —"Captain Ravenshaw."

Children are like jam; all very well in the proper place, but you can't stand them all over the shop. —"The Would-be-goods."

All women fear and suspect irony when they are able to recognize it. —"The Serious Wooing."

"A man, Philpotts, is never beaten, till he has said in his heart, 'I am beaten.'" —"Sir Christopher."

The whole affair was eminently unsatisfactory, yet so little might have made it perfect; but that is the tragedy of many things. —"A Woman Alone."

The biding in the world and the leaving of it are both tiresome enough at times. —"The Seven Houses."

The attempt to produce ideas by rubbing pen and paper together is much like trying to evoke fire from the friction of a couple of sticks. It is a thing not entirely impossible, but it is always a tedious and generally an ineffectual process. —"Talks on Writing English."

One way or other, belief is a frightful thing. It assassinates everything except itself. —"Temple House."

Culture is accessible to everyone, but there are people who not only do not need it, but whom it is liable to spoil. —"Foma Gordyeff."

She learned how brutal a man who is not ashamed of himself can be. —"The Night-Hawk."

The price of existence with some people must be an eternal silence. —"Two Men."

Schoolbooks are implements, but they don't teach in school how the implements are to be used in one's business. —"Foma Gordyeff."

Nature shows us the beautiful while she conceals the interior. We do not see the roots of her roses and she hides from us her skeletons. —"The Morgues."

The world's a-dyin' o' do's, Perilous ambition, secretly ambition, this world's fashion—what is it all, I ask ye, but do's? —"Flood-Tide."

You cannot paddle in sin and go with white feet before the throne of God. —"Karadac, Count of Gersay."

Ouida in Her Old Age.

Ouida, as Mlle. De La Ramee prefers to call herself, is now an elderly lady, but she still affects the white muslin frocks and pale blue ribbons of a bygone era. She is the autocratic queen of a large circle of admirers at Florence, where she has an ideal home, and an extraordinary collection of dogs.

Ouida does not like England or English life and food, and not infrequently at London dinner-tables has asked for cold roast beef and beer, that being the level, she says, on which she places English cookery.

Two old hunters were swapping yarns and had got to quail.

"Why," said one, "I remember a year when quail were so thick that you could get eight or ten at a shot with a rifle."

"What's the matter?" said the first.

"I was thinking of my quail hunts. I had a fine black horse that I rode everywhere, and one day out hunting quail I saw a big covey on a low

branch of a tree. I threw the bridle rein over the end of the limb and took a shot.

"Several birds fell and the rest flew away."

"Well, sir, there were so many quail on that limb that when they flew off I sprang back into place and hung my horse!"—Los Angeles "Times."

Its True Character.

Catarrah is Not a Local Disease.

Although physicians have known for years that catarrah was not a local disease, but a constitutional or blood disorder, yet the mass of the people still continue to believe it is simply a local trouble, and try to cure it with purely local remedies, like powders, snuffs, ointments and inhalers.

These local remedies, if they accomplish anything at all, simply give a very temporary relief, and it is doubtful if a permanent cure of catarrah has ever been accomplished by local sprays, washes and inhalers. They may clear the mucous membrane from the excessive secretion but it returns in a few hours as bad as ever, and the result can hardly be otherwise because the blood is loaded with catarrah poison, and it requires no argument to convince anyone that local washes and sprays have absolutely no effect on the blood.

Dr. Ainsworth says: "I have long since discontinued the use of sprays and washes for catarrah of head and throat, because they simply relieve and do not cure."

"For some time past I have used only one treatment for all forms of catarrah, and the results have been uniformly good. The remedy I use and recommend is Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, a pleasant and harmless preparation sold by druggists at 50c, but my experience has proven one package of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets to be worth a dozen local treatments."

"The tablets are composed of Hydrastis, Sanguinaria, Red Gum, Guaiacum and other safe antiseptics, and any catarrah sufferer can use them with full assurance that they contain no poisonous opiates, and that they are the most reasonable and successful treatment for radical cure of catarrah at present known to the profession."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are large, pleasant tasting 20 grain lozenges, to be dissolved in the mouth and reach the delicate membranes of throat and trachea, and immediately relieve any irritation, while their final action on the blood removes the catarrah poison from the whole system. All druggists sell them at 50c. for complete treatment.

She—Let's sit out the next one. He—Why, I thought you were fond of dancing? She—I am.—Detroit "Free Press."

At all Druggists. Avoid Substitutes.

Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., Canadian Agents Montreal.

Have You Sore Throat?

Hoarseness, Cold in the Head, Headache and Pains in the Limbs and Body.

If you are not suffering more or less from these symptoms you are one of the few. The majority of people realize that there is a mild form of the grippe going the rounds. Few escape it. You can be promptly relieved and cured by the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Many people know well enough that there is no cough and cold treatment to be compared with Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It gets right down at the cause of the cold and removes it. It is more thorough and far-reaching than any cough medicine you ever used, and is wonderfully prompt in action.

Mr. J. Wiggins, 120 Shuter street, Toronto, states: "Both my mother and myself were suffering from an attack of the grippe, when we heard of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It is a pleasure to testify to its worth since one bottle effected a cure for both cases. Without doubt it is a marvelous remedy."

Mr. George Palmer, 87 Palmerston avenue, Toronto, says: "I have suffered from bronchial trouble for the past five years, and can say truthfully that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is the only remedy that has ever given me permanent relief."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has by far the largest sale of any similar preparation. Insist on getting it, and you will be more than pleased with the results; 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The Origin of Whist.

THE following statement, culled from the current number of a magazine, is an egregious blunder:

"The originator of the game of whist is (sic) Edmond Hoyle (1672-1769)." Cotton writing in 1674 tells us that Whist was so well known at that time that "every Child almost of Eight Years old, hath a Competent Knowledge of the recreation."

Hoyle was then not two years of age. But we must go a great deal farther back for the origin of the game, which is indeed lost in the obscurity of the centuries. Previous to 1326 the game of Triumph (whence trump), which embraced the essential features of Whist, had considerable vogue in England. It furnished Bishop Latimer with an illustration for a sermon preached at Christmas, 1529. Shakespeare's familiarity with the game is evident from Antony's address to Eros ("Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV., Scene XIV.)

The game acquired the name of Whist, or Whisk, in the forefront of the seventeenth century. Butler uses the present appellation in Hudibras (1663).

About 1728 a little circle of players, presided over by the then Lord Folkestone, was wont to meet in the Crown Coffee House. This was the inception of scientific Whist. Hoyle was probably a member of the coterie in question.

The publication of his treatise (1742-3) and his efforts as a professional teacher did much to establish the game in the favor of the upper classes of English society.

A Large Covey.

Two old hunters were swapping yarns and had got to quail.

"Why," said one, "I remember a year when quail were so thick that you could get eight or ten at a shot with a rifle."

"What's the matter?" said the first.

"I was thinking of my quail hunts. I had a fine black horse that I rode everywhere, and one day out hunting quail I saw a big covey on a low

THE HIGHEST GRADE TEA OBTAINABLE ANYWHERE.

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea. Gold label at 60 cents per pound by all Grocers. Have you ever tried it?

CHOICE TABLE BUTTER

WE ARE NOW supplying hundreds of families with our choice

Palermo Creamery

and Best Dairy Butter

in five and ten pound Hygienic Packages on the contract system—viz., one price from now up to April 1st.



If you have not made arrangements for your winter's supply it will pay and please you to negotiate with us at once. The fact that thousands of pounds are sold every week and that not a single complaint is being recorded is a guarantee of its quality. We could not say more if we wrote a whole page about it.

Phone 2040 for prices.

Also delivered in lb. and fancy individual prints.

City Dairy Co., Limited
SPADINA CRESCENT

COAL AND WOOD



20 King Street West.
415 Yonge Street.
793 Yonge Street.
204 Wellesley Street.
306 Queen Street East.
415 Spadina Avenue.
1352 Queen Street West.
578 Queen Street West.
Esplanade East, near Berkeley.
Esplanade East, near Church.
Bathurst Street, opposite Front St.
369 Pape Avenue, at G.T.R. Crossing.
1131 Yonge Street, at C.P.R. Crossing.

The ELIAS ROGERS CO., Limited

branch of a tree. I threw the bridle rein over the end of the limb and took a shot.

"Several birds fell and the rest flew away."

"Well, sir, there were so many quail on that limb that when they flew off I sprang back into place and hung my horse!"—Los Angeles "Times."

Its True Character.

Catarrah is Not a Local Disease.

Although physicians have known for years that catarrah was not a local disease, but a constitutional or blood disorder, yet the mass of the people still continue to believe it is simply a local trouble, and try to cure it with purely local remedies, like powders, snuffs, ointments and inhalers.

These local remedies, if they accomplish anything at all, simply give a very temporary relief, and it is doubtful if a permanent cure of catarrah has ever been accomplished by local sprays, washes and inhalers. They may clear the mucous membrane from the excessive secretion but it returns in a few hours as bad as ever, and the result can hardly be otherwise because the blood is loaded with catarrah poison, and it requires no argument to convince anyone that local washes and sprays have absolutely no effect on the blood.

Dr. Ainsworth says: "I have long since discontinued the use of sprays and washes for catarrah of head and throat, because they simply relieve and do not cure."

"For some time past I have used only one treatment for all forms of catarrah, and the results have been uniformly good. The remedy I use and recommend is Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, a pleasant and harmless preparation sold by druggists at 50c, but my experience has proven one package of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets to be worth a dozen local treatments."

"The tablets are composed of Hydrastis, Sanguinaria, Red Gum, Guaiacum and other safe antiseptics, and any catarrah sufferer can use them with full assurance that they contain no poisonous opiates, and that they are the most reasonable and successful treatment for radical cure of catarrah at present known to the profession."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are large, pleasant tasting 20 grain lozenges, to be dissolved in the mouth and reach the delicate membranes of throat and trachea, and immediately relieve any irritation, while their final action on the blood removes the catarrah poison from the whole system. All druggists sell them at 50c. for complete treatment.

She—Let's sit out the next one. He—Why, I thought you were fond of dancing? She—I am.—Detroit "Free Press."

At all Druggists. Avoid Substitutes.

Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., Canadian Agents Montreal.

At all Druggists. Avoid Substitutes.

Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., Canadian Agents Montreal.

At all Druggists. Avoid Substitutes.

Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., Canadian Agents Montreal.

At all Druggists. Avoid Substitutes.

Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., Canadian Agents Montreal.

At all Druggists. Avoid Substitutes.

Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., Canadian Agents Montreal.

At all Druggists. Avoid Substitutes.

Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., Canadian Agents Montreal.



Coke
Dandruff Cure
Hair Tonic

For Falling Hair, Dandruff, Eczema and Irritation of the Scalp. It keeps the Hair and Scalp in a thoroughly healthy condition. Try it once and you will use no other. Sold by druggists.

Our Bottled Ales are not carbonated—they are brewed from the finest malt and hops only, are fully matured in wood and bottle and are therefore pure and wholesome as well as mellow and delicious.

ALL DEALERS

Toronto Brewing Co.
Since 1871 Toronto

Want Your Clothes Pressed?

Phone Main 1862 and we will do the rest. Reasonable prices and the best work.

A card or phone will bring you our prices.

Cheesworth's Clothes Press

130 KING STREET WEST

Canvas Colors Papers Inks
And every requisite for the professional and amateur artist.
The E. HARRIS CO.
71-73 LIMITED
KING ST. EAST TORONTO

MEMORIAL
Stained Glass Windows
In English "Antique" or American "Opalescent" Glass.
Special water-color designs prepared without charge.
The artistic and enduring qualities of our work are well known.

ROBERT McCausland Co.
LIMITED
87 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

J. W. L. FORSTER
... PORTRAIT PAINTING
Studio: 94 King Street West

Emma Eames
The Famous Grand Opera Singer.



EMMA EAMES writes:
"I find VIN MARIANI a most delightful and efficacious tonic, of inestimable value to singers."

EMMA EAMES.

At all Druggists. Avoid Substitutes.

Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., Canadian Agents Montreal.

At all Druggists. Avoid Substitutes.

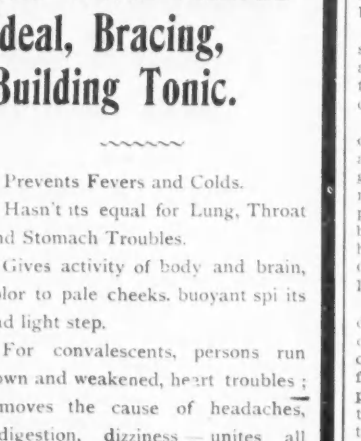
Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., Canadian Agents Montreal.

At all Druggists. Avoid Substitutes.

Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., Canadian Agents Montreal.

At all Druggists. Avoid Substitutes.

VIN MARIANI
The World-Famous
Ideal, Bracing,
Building Tonic.



Prevents Fevers and Colds.
Hasn't its equal for Lung, Throat and Stomach Troubles.
Gives activity of body and brain, color to pale cheeks, buoyant spirits and light step.
For convalescents, persons run down and weakened, heart troubles, removes the cause of headaches, indigestion, dizziness—unites all your forces.

At all Druggists. Avoid Substitutes.

Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., Canadian Agents Montreal.

At all Druggists. Avoid Substitutes.

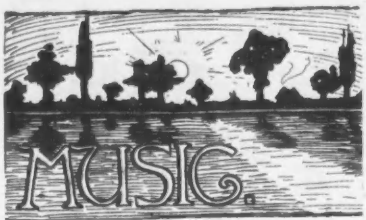
Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., Canadian Agents Montreal.

At all Druggists. Avoid Substitutes.

Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., Canadian Agents Montreal.

At all Druggists. Avoid Substitutes.

Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., Canadian Agents Montreal.



THE opera festival at the Massey Hall last week may be considered one of the most important musical events that have been noted for many years in this city. It marked the introduction of opera at the Massey Hall, a step that had long been recommended and desired by music-lovers for the reason that the auditorium is of sufficient size to accommodate a paying audience for this expensive form of entertainment. From a musical point of view, the productions were enjoyable, instructive and artistic, and gave the public an opportunity of hearing such famous singers as Calve, Sembrich and Dippel in great roles, supported by a capable company. The presence in the city of the Duke and Duchess of York and the consequent holding of numerous Royal functions, to some extent diverted attention from the opera performances, or the success which attended the festival would have been much more brilliant than it was. But in compensation, the opening state concert on Thursday evening, at which Royalty was present, obtained more than double the patronage that it would have been given in ordinary circumstances.

To my mind the most artistic production of the festival was the revival here of Lohengrin on Friday evening. The story of the opera is one of the purest and most idealistic that can be found in the modern repertoire, and can be ranked in this respect with the story of the Ring. It deals with the question of doubtful sexual morality like Carmen or some of the later operas of Wagner, the music is of a pure and elevated character, eminently appropriate to the subject, highly melodious and beautiful in form. With such a mistress of the art of singing as Sembrich in the role of Elsa, so satisfactory a figure as Herr Dippel as Lohengrin, and such dramatic embodiments of the parts of Ortrud and Telramund as Mme. Louise Homer and Herr Muhlmann, backed up by a vigorous and efficient chorus and a splendid orchestra of forty-five musicians, the production could not be otherwise but distinctively illuminative of the work. Everything that Sembrich did was perfect vocally, as well as irreproachably artistic in interpretation. The dramatic intensity of Mme. Homer's impersonation, the power and telling quality of her voice and the significance of her musical declamation came as a surprise to the audience, who had not been led to expect an artist of such calibre in the role. Herr Muhlmann, too, proved most effective as Telramund, both in voice and action. I have heard every production of Lohengrin that has been given in Toronto, and can confidently assert that no such satisfactory quartette of principal singers have ever before been heard in this city. The orchestra played superbly, and the chorus, especially the male section, left little to be desired. Speaking of the orchestra, it may be mentioned that Mr. Franko, the concertmaster, claims that it is the finest opera orchestra in the world.

The performance of Carmen on Saturday evening, with the great Calve in the title role, may be placed next in importance to that of Lohengrin. As everyone knows—or ought to know—the heroine is a wanton gypsy girl, who changes her lovers with the facility that a modern lady changes her gloves, and whose frailty leads to her destruction. The composer Bizet has given the book a most ingenious and delightful musical score, and, were it not for this, the opera would long ago have been consigned to oblivion. The objectionable character of the story is seen undisturbed in the dramatic version put on the stage by Miss Olga Nethersole, and which was universally condemned by the critical press. The genius of Bizet has surrounded the story with a musical lustre of which it is not worthy, and the vocal talents and realistic impersonation of the successive famous exponents of the role have enhanced the popularity of the music. Mme. Calve was first heard in the title role in this city, about two years ago, on the occasion of the first visit of the Grau Opera Company. The features of her portrayal are well known. The attitude of the public towards Calve is well illustrated in the following anecdote, which was told in 1896: "Maurice Grau of the firm of Abbey & Grau is a man of fine art instinct, and on him devolves the work of choosing the artists for the Abbey-Grau attractions. Abbey heard Calve sing in Paris and was enchanted with her. He wanted Grau to engage her. Grau criticized her technique and her art. Hang her technique and her art! She's magnetic! She's great!" insisted Abbey. And Calve was engaged, and was the real, clean-cut, unadorned triumph of the Abbey-Grau season. I might add to this that mere histrionic magnetism would not altogether explain Calve's popularity. She has a beautiful quality of voice, of a richly colored timbre. The members of her orchestra speak of her as "golden voiced." And the public are ever enthralled by the beauty of tone, whether in vocalist or instrumentalist. Mme. Calve was supported by M. Saligne as Don Jose, M. Journet as Escamillo, and Miss Fritz Scheff as Micaela. M. Journet has a fine resonant voice, full of life, and he won a triumph in his rendering of the Toreador song. M. Saligne, a tenor who sings with fervor and acts with spirit, was well received, and Miss Fritz Scheff, a talented vocalist with an attractive voice, made a most favorable impression. Carmen is a long opera, and owing to doubt to the performance being on Saturday, the opera was cut in several places. All the charming intermezzi, in addition to the ballet music and Don Jose's love-song, were omitted.

The matinee performance on Saturday was devoted to Gounod's Romeo and Juliet, a musical setting of Shakespeare's tragedy. The score contains some charming music, but the opera as

a musical vehicle for conveying the story is unconvincing. Mme. Sybil Sanderson, who was announced to appear as Juliet, was indisposed, and her place was taken by Mme. Camille Seygar, the possessor of a still beautiful soprano voice. M. Gilbert, the Romeo, spoiled the effect of his otherwise fine portrayal by singing constantly out of tune at the commencement of his numbers. Miss Carrie Bridgewater, who took the part of the nurse Stephano, quite won the hearts of the audience by her captivating rendering of the serenade in the second act. The exhibition waltz song, so incongruously introduced in the first act, was sung with much cleanliness of technique by Mme. Seygar, and, as usual, was warmly applauded.

The state concert calls for no special mention except that Calve sang a couple of light numbers, and that the occasion was graced by the presence of the Royal visitors. It may be noted that the company is well provided with conductors. Lohengrin was directed by Mr. Walter Damrosch, Romeo and Juliet by M. Flon and Carmen by Mr. Seppilli. These gentlemen are earnest and conscientious, but they are not yet great. In opera they lack the finesse and poetic comprehension of, say, Signor Mancinelli.

Mrs. Rose McCann made her debut in Toronto at the 48th Highlanders' concert on their return from the opera festival, and met with an enthusiastic reception, every number being encored. She has a pure soprano voice, of no inconsiderable range, and her enunciation is very distinct.

Miss Lois Winlow, the talented young violinist, has arranged with Mr. W. F. Tasker to be placed on his list of artists for concert work this season. Miss Winlow is well known in Toronto, having appeared at the Tripp's Heintzman recital, and more recently, at the Mabel Hicks recital, on both of which occasions her artistic playing gained success.

Mr. W. F. Tasker informs us that he is arranging the dates for Mr. Tripp's eastern tour, to commence about the middle of December, so as not to interfere with his teaching engagements.

Congratulations are in order to Manager Houston, who carried out the arrangements for the opera festival with so much ability. The hall was beautifully decorated, and the temporary stage answered the demands of the occasion.

Commenting on Dr. Villiers Stanford's new opera, Much Ado About Nothing, a writer in the "Spectator" expresses surprise that opera composers took so long to discover the value of Shakespeare's dramas for theatrical purposes. "No doubt," he remarks, "the difficulty was complicated in the case of Beethoven by the peculiarly exalted moral tone of the story on which he insisted. But it is strange that Weber, a man of considerable mental culture, stranger still that Schumann, who was brought up in a literary atmosphere, should never in their quest of an opera book have thought themselves of Shakespeare, or, besting them, have abandoned the idea. For who better than Beethoven could have given us a musical version of King Lear; who better than the composer of Euryanthe or Der Freischutz have solved the musical equation of Ariel and Caliban, of Prospero and Miranda? Rossini, who composed Otello in 1816, was curiously enough one of the pioneers. Mendelssohn's incidental music to Midsummer Night's Dream, though this is not an opera, must be mentioned here. In 1849 Otto Nicolai wrote his Merry Wives of Windsor, and the next year saw Ambrose Thomas's version of Midsummer Night's Dream, which has long since passed out of remembrance. The same Frenchman wrote his Hamlet with its "mad scene" for Ophelia in 1868. Herman Goetz's Taming of the Shrew dates back a good many years, but is still heard in Germany. Verdi's Shakespearean efforts have far exceeded those of any other composer. As long ago as 1847 he achieved something near a failure with his Macbeth, but in Otello (1887) and Falstaff, he reached the heights. Lastly, Gounod may be mentioned, who wrote the music to Romeo and Juliet performed in Toronto last week.

Appropos of the revival of Patience at the London Savoy Theatre, it is interesting to recall that Sir Arthur Sullivan used to declare he received the most charming insult of his life at a performance of this opera. Some time after the Savoy first opened, in 1881, he happened to drop into the dress circle, and while Mr. Barrington was singing, the composer unconsciously whistled the tune. Sir Arthur was then less known by sight than he was subsequently. An irate gentleman at once turned upon him and told him to "stop his noise." "I paid," he said, "to hear Sir Arthur Sullivan's beautiful music, and not your confounded mumping."

Notwithstanding that the City Reception Committee treated the Royal chorus as a secondary consideration at the reception of the Duke of York at the City Hall on Thursday last, the singers, who numbered about twelve hundred, made an excellent showing. They had to wait in the rain for about an hour and a half, and yet when the Duke made his appearance they sang his welcome number, the Tannhauser march and chorus, with plenty of vim and with a fine volume of tone. The hitch that occurred in the chorus breaking out into song while some of the addresses were being read, only shows that the civic committee had been negligent in informing Mr. Torrington as to the order of the programme. It was impossible for the conductor stationed where he was—a long way off from the center of the City Hall, where the Duke was received—to know that anything was going on, and he naturally proceeded with his programme.

In these days much is being written about Handel's borrowings. Professor Prout once referred to him, it may be remembered, as the "Grand Old Thief." Professor Shedlock, in an article in the "Musical Times," says: "Professor Prout found music in Handel's own writing, now in the Fitzwilliam collection, copied by Handel from the

almost unknown Passion of Graun in a way which left no doubt that he meant to use it of malice prepense when and where he found occasion. . . . It may be added that the Dublin professor has shown that Handel also made use of this Graun Passion for certain movements in his Glustino, Atalanta, The Wedding Anthem, and Alexander's Feast. Handel's borrowings from Carissimi did not escape Burney. . . . We now come to the Te Deum of Padre Urio, from which, as is well known, Handel borrowed unblushingly."

Miss Jennie E. Williams, soprano vocalist and pianist, has returned from a three months' tour of England, and is prepared to receive engagements. Studio, 635 Spadina Avenue.

The first lecture in the course on church music arranged by the Toronto Conservatory of Music will be delivered in the Music Hall of that institution on Monday evening next, 21st inst., by Dr. Waldo S. Pratt, professor of ecclesiastical music and hymnology in Hartford Theological Seminary, Hartford, Conn. Dr. Pratt's subject is "Church Music as a Part of Theological Education."

With a view to the more complete training of young violinists, Mr. Torrington has arranged for evening classes, under thoroughly qualified teachers, at a nominal fee. These classes will eventually receive regular orchestral training as well as personal instruction. By this means a proper school of playing will result through systematic and progressive instruction. These classes will meet at the College of Music.

MABEL S. HICKS
CONCERT PIANIST AND TEACHER
Pupil of "Hamburg."
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music or 87 Wilson Avenue, Parkdale.

W. J. McNALLY
TEACHER OF PIANO-PLAYING
At Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Organist and Choirmaster Central Presbyterian Church.
—250 Major Street.

MRS. ROSE McCANN
CONCERT SOPRANO
Engagements accepted in Sacred, Ballad and National Concerts. For terms and dates address—
W. F. Tasker, Toronto.

MISS JENNIE E. WILLIAMS, A.T.C.M.
Soprano. Gold Medalist Toronto Conservatory of Music, 1901. Will also accept engagements as accompanist and solo pianist.
Address—
635 Spadina Avenue.

ELOCUTION
DAVID G. S. CONNERY, M.A.
The British Elocutionist
Lecturer on Elocution Queen's University.
Pupils received. Engagements accepted.
—59 Temple Building, Toronto.

FREE VOCAL SCHOLARSHIPS
For Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, Bass—
Under the Eminent Master of Singing,
EDOUARD BARTON
Apply—Toronto College of Music, Pembroke Street, or 681 Spadina Avenue.

MISS ADELE FLEURY
VIOLINIST
(Pupil of Sitt, Wirth, Witke and Remy)
Pupils received either at Toronto College of Music or at 339 Huron Street.
Engagements accepted for concerts.

MISS ELLA WALKER
DRAMATIC SOPRANO
OPEN FOR CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS
For terms and dates apply to—
W. F. Tasker, Toronto.

MISS JANES
Teacher in Advanced Grades of Piano.
Pupil of Martin Krause and Harold Bauer.
Applications received at the Conservatory of Music and the Westbourne School for Girls.

HERR EUGEN WOYCKE
PIANOFORTE—HARMONY
(Advanced and Ordinary Instruction)
639 Spadina Avenue 639

DAVID ROSS
Specialty—Voice Producing, Building and Placing
IN THE HEAD
Will Return May 1st, 1902
All enquiries address to Mr. A. L. E. Davies, care of Whaley, Royce & Co., Toronto.

MRS. H. W. PARKER
A.T.C.M.
SOPRANO
Opera, Oratorio, Concerts and Recitals. Instructress of Vocal Art. Address—
Conservatory of Music, Toronto.

HENRY S. SAUNDERS
VIOLONCELLIST
CONCERTS MUSICALES PUPILS
Toronto Conservatory of Music,
273 Palmerston Avenue.

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.
TEACHER OF PIANO
30 Ross St.
Toronto Conservatory of Music.

W. O. FORTSHY
(Director Metropolitan School of Music)
Receives pupils at any time—professional, advanced and amateur—in piano technique, piano-playing and musical interpretation. Harmony, etc.
Studio for private lessons—Nordheimer's, 15 King Street East, Toronto.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
VOICE CULTURE AND PIANO
Vocal Directress Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Vocal Teacher St. Margaret's College, Toronto.
Studio—Room U.
Tel., north, 2066. Yonge Street Arcade.

MISS CARTER
TEACHER OF THE PIANO
380 Brunswick Ave.

MR. and Mrs. A. B. JURY
Piano, Organ and Voice Culture
d'Residence and Studio—
58 Alexander Street.

FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD
Simplex and Kindergarten
Now forming at 35 Grange Avenue and 61 Shannon Street.

MISS H. M. MARTIN, Mus. Bac.
PIANO—Pupil of Mr. H. M. Field.
SINGING—Pupil of Mr. W. E. Haslam, Teacher College of Music, Harvard College and St. Monica's School.
—24 St. Mary Street.

INCORPORATED TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
1880
OF MUSIC
COLLEGE STREET.
DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director
THE BEST EQUIPPED AND FACILITIES
AND STRONGEST FACULTY IN CANADA.
Pupils May Enter at Any Time.
SCHOOL OF LITERATURE AND EXPRESSION
MAUDE MASSON, Principal.
NEW CALENDARS AND SYLLABUS

MR. RECHAB TANDY
TENOR
Resumes teaching in Voice Culture and Singing during first week in September, 1901.
Toronto Conservatory of Music, Concert Engagements accepted. Call or write for appointments.

W. Y. ARCHIBALD
TENOR
Teacher of Voice Culture
Season commences Oct. 15th.
Studio—Nordheimer's.

J. D. A. TRIPP
Piano Virtuoso and Teacher
Pupil of Moszkowski, Stepanoff and Leschetizky.
Studio—Toronto Conservatory of Music

ARTHUR BLIGHT
CONCERT BARITONE
Principal Vocal Department Toronto Junior College of Music.
Voice Culture and artistic singing a specialty.
Studio—
Residence—
Nordheimer's, 638 Euclid Avenue.

ADAM DOCKRAY
TENOR
Teacher of Singing
Studio—Room N, Yonge Street Arcade.
Residence—79 Charles Street.

MISS LOIS WINLOW
Pupil of Anton Hekking, Berlin, Germany.
SOLO 'CELLIST
Concert Engagements and a Limited Number of Pupils Accepted.
"Great skill and expression."—N.Y. Musical Courier.
"It was an inspiration."—R. S. Smith, Organist and Choirmaster Westminster Church, New York.
For terms and dates apply to—
W. F. Tasker, Toronto.

MR. H. M. FIELD
PIANIST
Musical Studio—
21 Grand Strasse, Leipzig

W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.
(Organist and Choirmaster All Saints' Church)
Teacher of Piano, Organ and Theory
Harmony Lessons by correspondence. Pupils prepared for University and College examinations.
Great skill and expression.—N.Y. Musical Courier.
For terms and dates apply to—
W. F. Tasker, Toronto.

MISS MAY BUTCHART
Fletcher Music Method
Studio—Room No. 14, Bank of Commerce Building, cor. College Street and Spadina Avenue. Classes resumed 20th September. Prospectus on application.

Chrystal Brown
CONCERT TENOR
Address—
35 Bellevue Avenue

H. KLINGENFELD
Solo Violinist and Teacher
Author of "Elements of Violin Playing," and "Viola School for Violinists." Connected with the Metropolitan School of Music and Harvard College.
Residence—117 Pembroke St.
Studio—At Nordheimer's.

JOSEPH KLEPACH
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Toronto Junction College of Music
16 Dundas Street, opposite Post-Office.
Formerly with Violin Orchestra, Chicago, Ill.

MR. J. M. SHERLOCK
CONCERT SINGER
Tenor soloist with the principal Canadian vocal societies. Director of the famous "Aberlock Male Quartette."
Room & Nordheimer's, Toronto, Ont.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist
Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Varsity Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.
Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evenings, College of Music.

MISS KATHARINE BIRNIE
Krause method, taught by Mr. H. M. Field.
Studio—Nordheimer's, or 1 Grange Road.
Phone—Main 837.

MR. FRANK E. BLACHFORD
VIOLINIST
(Graduate of Leipzig Conservatory of Music and winner of the Heibig Prize, 1901).
Studio at 168 Carlton Street or at Toronto Conservatory of Music.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, and Miss Veal's School.
13 Dundas Road - Boredale.

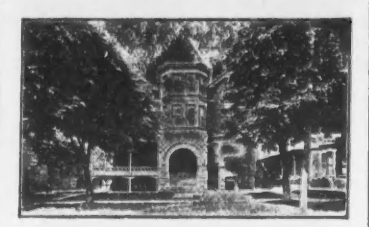
MRS. J. W. BRADLEY
Directress and Leader of Berkley St. Methodist Church Choir.
Vocal Teacher of Mount Ladies' College, Toronto, and Toronto Conservatory of Music.
136 Beaton Street, Toronto.

W. J. A. CARNAHAN
BARITONE
Guelph Herald—"Undoubtedly he is one of the greatest baritone voices in Canada, his warmest admirers class him with the best on the continent." Address—78 College Street, Toronto. Telephone—Main 2226.

MRS. FENTON-ARNTON
EXPRESSION
Elocution—Reading—Physical Culture
Classes now being formed and private pupils received.
Studio—
2 Surrey Place, Toronto.

MISS EMILY FINDLAY, A.T.C.M.
Concert Engagements. Pupils Accepted. 345 Markham St., or Toronto Conservatory of Music

MISS MARGUERITE DUNN, B.E.
Teacher of Elocution and Voice Culture
For terms address—
369 Wilton Avenue.



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, LIMITED
F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director.
Evening Classes in—
VIOLIN \$3.00 a term.
Beginners and more advanced students
Under Thoroughly Qualified Teachers...
Apply to the College—
12 and 14 Pembroke Street.

Hilda Richardson
London, Eng.
SOLO 'CELLIST AND TEACHER
Toronto College of Music, Pembroke Street.
163 Carlton Street.

VIOLIN LESSONS
J. W. BAUMANN
Bishop Strachan School,
Miss Veal's School,
St. Margaret's College,
AT NORDHEIMER'S Mrs. Neville's School

MR. A. S. VOGT
Teacher in the Advanced Grades of Piano Playing
Address—
Toronto Conservatory of Music
331 Bloor Street West.

R. THOS STEELE
Accredited pupil of the late Madame Selter of Philadelphia, and E. A. Hayes of New York and Paris. Voices tested and analyzed free.
Studio at—
Nordheimer's.

GEO. D. ATKINSON
Pupil of Mr. F. S. Welsman.
Teacher of Piano, Organ and Theory at Toronto College of Music and St. Andrew's College.
118 Harbord Street.

LOYD N. WATKINS
Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Litter
Conservatory of Music, Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
333 Church Street.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
PICTURESQUE PAN-AMERICAN ROUTE

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS
Buffalo Day
Saturday, October 19th,
And Every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY During October

BUFFALO AND RETURN \$2.10
GOOD FOR 3 DAYS...
Special train will leave Toronto at 7:00 a.m., South Parkdale 7:05 a.m., on above days, arriving Pan-American Ground 9:30 a.m. Fast service. No intermediate stops.
Returning by special train same day, leaving Pan-American Grounds after the brilliant Electrical Illumination at 9:30 p.m., and by all regular trains within time limit. Street cars connect on arrival.
Passengers may return via Suspension Bridge without having tickets exchanged. Stop-over allowed at Niagara Falls.

TORONTO to BUFFALO... \$3.15
AND RETURN
Tickets on sale every day. GOOD FOR SIX DAYS. Electrical illumination commences at 8:15 each evening. Special attractions every day.

7-TRAINS-7
EACH WAY.
Leave Toronto Arr. Buffalo Leave Buffalo Arr. Toronto
7:30 a.m. 10:45 a.m. 5:35 a.m. 9:30 a.m.
10:25 a.m. 1:45 p.m. 8:00 a.m. 11:10 p.m.
1:00 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 10:40 a.m. 1:50 p.m.
4:25 p.m. 7:50 p.m. 1:00 p.m. 4:30 p.m.
8:15 p.m. 10:00 p.m. 3:00 p.m. 8:50 p.m.
8:15 p.m. 11:35 p.m. 7:00 p.m. 10:10 p.m.
11:30 p.m. 5:27 a.m. 9:30 p.m. 12:45 a.m.
S. Daily. R. Daily except Sunday.

Pan-American CLOSING
comes very soon.
You should take it in now.

Hunters' Excursions
Oct. 20th, Nov. 2nd, 1901. From all stations, Brockville and West, in Canada, to Tonawaga, Midland, Lakeland, all points, Severn to North Bay, inclusive; all points on Muskoka Lakes, Magnetawan River and Lake of Bays, for

SINGLE FIRST FARE
Good returning up to and including Dec. 14th, 1901.
For further information apply—
J. W. RYDER, C.P. & T.A., north-west cor. King and Yonge Streets, Phone—Main 1209.
M. C. DICKSON, District Passenger Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
PAN-AMERICAN TRAIN SERVICE
VIA THE
POPULAR SCENIC ROUTE

5 TRAINS 5
EACH WAY
Lv. Toronto Arr. Buffalo Lv. Buffalo Arr. Toronto
6:25 a.m. 10:30 a.m. 7:45 a.m. 10:50 a.m.
9:15 a.m. 12:40 p.m. 9:45 a.m. 1:26 p.m.
11:30 p.m. 4:55 p.m. 12:03 p.m. 5:05 p.m.
10:20 p.m. 8:25 p.m. 10:00 p.m. 9:05 p.m.
6:25 p.m. 10:30 p.m. 10:25 p.m. 11:30 a.m.

MRS. FENTON-ARNTON
EXPRESSION
Elocution—Reading—Physical Culture
Classes now being formed and private pupils received.
Studio—
2 Surrey Place, Toronto.

MISS EMILY FINDLAY, A.T.C.M.
Concert Engagements. Pupils Accepted. 345 Markham St., or Toronto Conservatory of Music

W. J. A. CARNAHAN
BARITONE
Guelph Herald—"Undoubtedly he is one of the greatest baritone voices in Canada, his warmest admirers class him with the best on the continent." Address—78 College Street, Toronto. Telephone—Main 2226.

MRS. FENTON-ARNTON
EXPRESSION
Elocution—Reading—Physical Culture
Classes now being formed and private pupils received.
Studio—
2 Surrey Place, Toronto.

MISS EMILY FINDLAY, A.T.C.M.
Concert Engagements. Pupils Accepted. 345 Markham St., or Toronto Conservatory of Music

MISS MARGUERITE DUNN, B.E.
Teacher of Elocution and Voice Culture
For terms address—
369 Wilton Avenue.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND
Public Accountant and Auditor
McKinnon Building, Toronto

ELECTROPLATING
Gold, Silver, Bronze, Nickel, etc., etc., in every variety of style.

Your Household Silver Can Be Made as New at Very Little Cost.
Upon enquiry you will learn that we have the facilities for doing this work better and cheaper than you can get it done elsewhere. Estimates cheerfully given.

Whaley, Royce & Co.
LIMITED
158 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Ryan-Burke
VOICE CULTURE
Vocal Directress at Loretto Abbey.
Toronto Conservatory of Music

FRANK S. WELSMAN
PIANO VIRTUOSO AND TEACHER
Pup of Prof. Krause, Prof. Schreck and Richard Hofmann.
32 Madison Avenue, or Toronto College of Music, also at Miss Veal's School, St. Margaret's College and Harvard College. Tel. 3861

MRS. JULIE WYMAN
TONE PRODUCTION
AND
ARTISTIC SINGING.
Address—
Conservatory of Music and 37 Gloucester Street.

F. ARTHUR OLIVER
Organist and Choirmaster Westminster Presbyterian Church. Teacher of Piano and Organ. Conservatory of Music, 19 Oxford St.

Toronto Junction College of Music
18 DUNDAS ST. (Opposite the Post-Office)
MISS V. MACMILLAN, Directress.
Ten valuable scholarships are offered. Names must be in by October 15th.

JOSEPH HUGILL
Maker and repairer of Violins, etc.
No. 29 Alice Street, near Yonge St.

EDUCATIONAL
The Bishop Strachan School,
WYKHAM HALL, TORONTO.
Organ department under Mr. J. W. F. Harrison. Tuition and practice on fine two-manual pipe organ blown by water motor.
For terms apply—
MISS ACKES, Lady Principal.

PRESBYTERIAN LADIES' COLLEGE,
Toronto
Situating on Blo r Street West, opposite Queen's Park. The 18th Session opens Sept. 11, 1901. Rev. Wm. Caven, D.D., Principal of Knox College, Visitor and Adviser. Rev. Alex. M. Millan—Special Lectures.
Miss Margaret T. Scott, (formerly Principal of the Model School, Toronto), Principal. Full or optional courses in Literature, Music, Art, Elocution. Affiliated with Toronto Conservatory of Music. Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director. T. Mower Martin, R.C.A., Art Director. Large and commodious classrooms for day pupils. Young girls in junior grades will be admitted. Send for Calendar.
Mrs. T. M. MACINTYRE, President.

WESTBOURNE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
340 BLOOR ST. WEST, TORONTO - - CANADA
22ND SEPT. 11, 1901.
A residential and day school, well appointed, well managed and convenient. Full courses in Literature, Music, Art, Elocution, and Domestic Science. Students prepared for University and Departmental Examinations. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director; F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., Art Director. For announcement and information, address the principals,
MISS M. CURLETT, R.A.
MISS S. E. DALLAS, Mus. Bac.

ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE,
Toronto. A Boarding and Day School for Girls. Miss GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal; GEORGE DICKSON, M.A., Director.

St. Monica's
Residential and Day School for Girls
170 BLOOR ST. WEST, TORONTO
Miss Phillips will reopen this long established school on Wednesday, September 11th. First-class professional teachers in all departments. Home school. Extensive grounds. For prospectus apply to Miss PHILLIPPS.

METROPOLITAN
...School of
DANCING, DEPORTMENT and PHYSICAL CULTURE
MR. M. J. SAGE, Instructor.
Cor. SPADINA AVE. & COLLEGE ST.
(Bank of Commerce Building)
Open for the reception of pupils from Sept. 23. Telephone North 2125. Prospectus on Application.

School of Physical Culture and Dancing
SOCIETY—FANCY—SCOTCH
Under the direction of
MISSES STERNBERG
St. George's Hall (Elm Street)
Classes reopen for Fall Term, Tuesday, Oct. 1. Students' Dancing Class (Ladies) and Gentlemen, Tuesday and Friday, 5 to 6 p.m., now forming. Prospectus mailed on application.

ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE,
Toronto. A Boarding and Day School for Girls. Miss GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal; GEORGE DICKSON, M.A., Director.

St. Monica's
Residential and Day School for Girls
170 BLOOR ST. WEST, TORONTO
Miss Phillips will reopen this long established school on Wednesday, September 11th. First-class professional teachers in all departments. Home school. Extensive grounds. For prospectus apply to Miss PHILLIPPS.

METROPOLITAN
...School of
DANCING, DEPORTMENT and PHYSICAL CULTURE
MR. M. J. SAGE, Instructor.
Cor. SPADINA A

Chickering

WE have just received from the factory at Boston a beautiful assortment of both Upright and Grand Pianos by the world-renowned firm of Chickering & Sons. Our stock, with the addition of these superb pianos, is the most beautiful we have ever shown. Intending purchasers of pianos will do well to visit us at the present time.

The Mason & Risch
Piano Co., Limited
32 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

..Pianos..

An Evening With Charles Dickens
Presented by MR. E. S. WILLIAMSON, "Canada's Dickens Collector."
More than 100 fine stereoscopic pictures from rare sources.
Conservatory Music Hall, Thursday, Oct. 24, 8.15 p.m.
Miss Edith Schofield Scott, Soprano, will assist.
Admission 25c. Reserved Seats 50c. Piano at Tyrrell's Book Shop on 21st instant.

The Secret of Beauty

of the complexion is found in thousands of instances merely in the cleansing and healing qualities of the famous

Campana's Italian Balm

Unrivalled for imparting whiteness and softness to the neck, arms and hands. At most drug stores. Mailed to any address on receipt of 27c. by
Hutchings Medicine Co., Toronto

Social and Personal

The engagement of Miss Margaret E. Buck and Mr. W. J. Fleury is announced.

Dr. Herbert A. Bruce has sent out invitations to a progressive euchre party on next Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, at his new residence in Bloor street east. The guests will be chaperoned by Mrs. Geoffrey Boyd, wife of Dr. Boyd of Sherbourne street, and the event is in honor of the graduating med. class of Toronto University.

Miss Cousineau, who has been visiting friends in New York, sailed by steamer St. Louis for London, England, where she will spend the winter season.

Mrs. William W. White (nee Van Every) will receive on Wednesday, October 23, afternoon and evening, at 670 Spadina avenue, and afterwards the first Wednesday of the month.

Mrs. G. P. Sylvester chaperoned a party of young ladies to the reception on Friday night, Miss Vallance of Hamilton, the Misses Townner, Miss M. Ball, and Miss Helen Joyce of Montreal, who is a guest of Miss Sylvester.

Mrs. Charles Boeckh gives an afternoon tea next Tuesday afternoon, from four to six o'clock, at her new home, 244 St. George street.

On Tuesday afternoon many an old friend betook herself to Mrs. Keeble Merritt's temporary residence in St. George street, to renew the pleasure of a season in her charming presence. She is the same radiant, laughing, ever-young and brilliant woman who was the life and soul of many merry parties of her friends when she lived here, and the fervent wish I heard expressed by one of Toronto's most fascinating women that Mrs. Merritt would return and remain "forever and ever" in her native city is but the general idea of what would best please us all.

Miss Raymond, niece of Mrs. Keeble Merritt, has ably assisted her in her duties as hostess for her brother, the Mayor of Toronto. Miss Raymond home is in Morristown, N.J., but she spends much of her time with friends in various localities or in travels abroad.

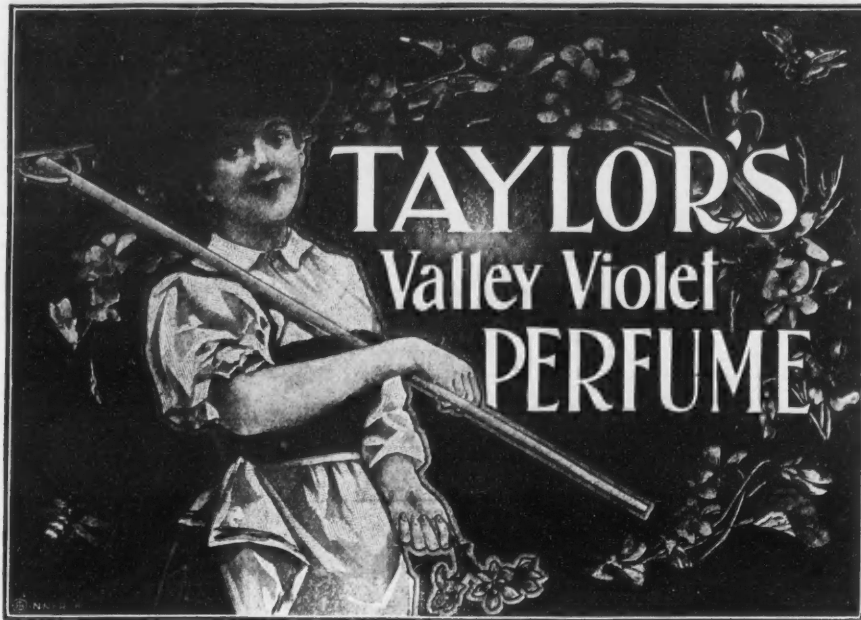
The Misses Lee of Ottawa have been on a visit to Mrs. S. S. McDonnell, 52 St. George street. They are returning home next week.

The engagement is announced of Miss



HARRY M. BENNETT

The Humorist, Vocalist and Entertainer who is now booking fall and winter engagements. For terms and dates write or apply 50 Cecil Street, Toronto, Ont.



TAYLOR'S
Valley Violet
PERFUME

Miriam Sears, daughter of Mr. Robert Sears, "Heathfield," Kingston, to Mr. Luman Sherwood, of the staff of the R.M.C., Kingston, and son of Mr. H. B. Sherwood, Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler of Cralelgh entertained Sir Thomas and Lady Shaughnessy at dinner last Saturday evening.

SHEA'S THEATER

MATINEES DAILY, all seats 25c. EVENING PRICES, 25c and 50c.

ALEXANDRIA DAGMAR

FILSON & ERROL

MONTGOMERY & STONE

3-MARVELOUS MERRILLS-3

FOUR NELSON SISTERS

LE FEBRE
SAXOPHONE
QUARTETTE

GEO. C. DAVIS

Association Hall Monday Evening, October 21st, 1901.
FRANK VEIGH'S NEW PICTURE TRAVEL TALK
"BRITAIN AND BRITANNY"
Or New Glimpses of Old Land.
125 Magnificent New Stereoscopic Views.
Tickets 25c and 50c, reservable without extra charge at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's.

MISS HARRISON
DRESDEN STUDIO

18 Madison Avenue.
Classes in Dresden decoration. New shapes and designs. China decorated and fired.
Pupils of Lamm, Ley Kauf and Mrs. Wagner.

SAFFORD
RADIATORS
"FLORENCE"

Send for Catalogue all about Heating.
The Dominion Radiator Co. Limited
TORONTO, CANADA.

OAK HALL—CLOTHIERS

Ready for the Boys!

From the littlest tot to the strapping big fellows we're right ready to fit them out with the newest and best in Suits and Overcoats for fall and winter—as good styles—as well made—as good fits as for the most particular "grown-up"—

Splendid lines nobby—warm and snug Overcoats for boys of all ages—prices start at... **3.00**

Shorter Top Coats in natty Reefers... **2.00 up**

3-piece Suits in nice tweeds, serges and worsteds... **2.50 up**

2-piece Suits—all the pretty little novelties about them that assure you that your boy will be well dressed—and prices as low as... **1.50**

Furnishings for boys, too—

Oak Hall Clothiers

115 KING EAST—116 YONGE.

WALL PAPERS

A choice collection of foreign designs specially selected for our own trade.

The Elliott & Son Co. Limited

79 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

SYMINGTON'S
EDINBURGH

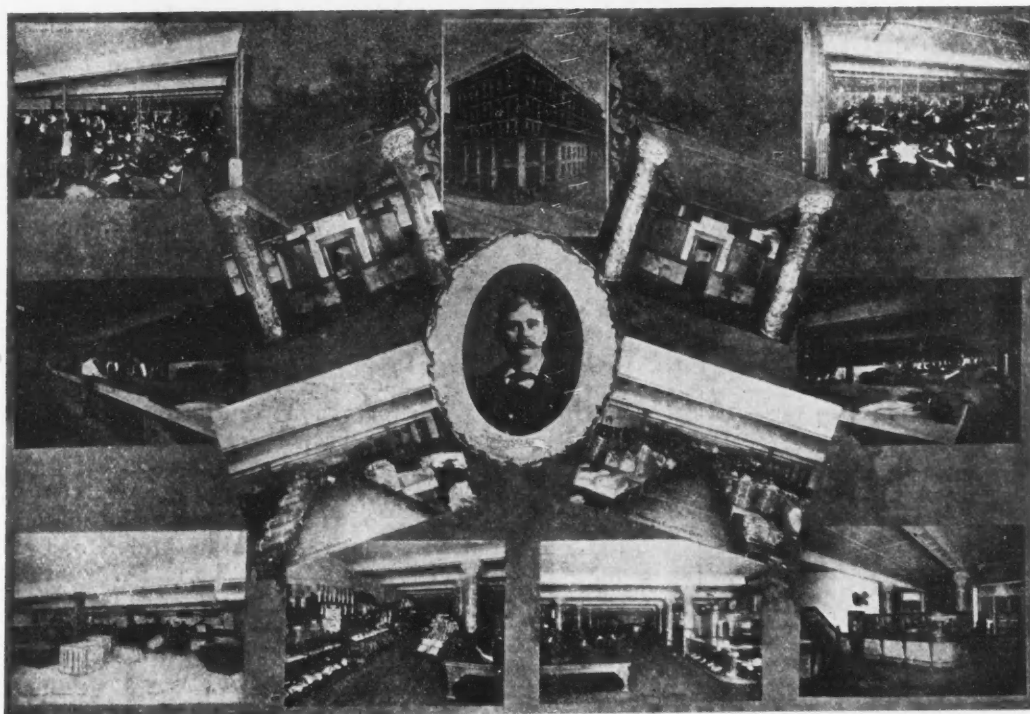
COFFEE ESSENCE

makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble, no waste. In small and large bottles, from all Grocers.

GUARANTEED PURE. 100

"TIGER BRAND" CLOTHING

Our stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing is complete. We have all the fashionable shades and fabrics—made in our own unapproachable way—that exceptional cut—the beautiful finish of the garments—the excellent workmanship—everything that stamps the garment with style and goodness. The tailor could not produce it at double the money, and the so-called ready-to-wear clothing exploited on the market is simply not in it.



Our goods are sold on their merits and value—which has proved a solid foundation for this large business—making good anything we sell that does not give satisfaction. So far we have not needed to adopt hysterical advertising methods or give fake bargains to boom this business.

Men's Suits... \$5.00 to 28.00
Chesterfield Overcoats... \$12, 15, 20 and 25

Men's Overcoats... \$5.00 to 30.00
Raglan Overcoats... \$12, 15, 20 and 25

BOYS' OVERCOATS

Chesterfield and Raglan Style... \$5 to 15 | Boys' Two-Piece Suits... \$1.50 to 8
Boys' Three-Piece Suits... \$2.50 to 12.00

Furnishing Department—Men's Natural Wool Underwear, Men's Shirts, white and colored, Hosiery—Socks. All the latest styles in Neckwear.

YOUR MONEY BACK
IF YOU WANT IT.

E. BOISSEAU & CO.,

Temperance & Yonge.

Giles
Caterer and Confectioner
Estimates for catering cheerfully furnished. Private dinners prepared for families in their homes.
719 YONGE STREET
TORONTO

Fairweather's
"Sealskins"
Everybody cannot afford a Seal Sack, but everybody who can and is contented with having one this season ought to place the order now—it's important in the making, and important to your comfort for cool weather is not far away.
We make a special feature of the Alaska Seal Jackets—guarantee the quality, the fit and the making.
Prices—
150 to 400
according to length and the trimmings used—
Write for Catalogue
84 Yonge St.



...BRIEF BAG...

We make three styles in Brief Bags, and then we have all the other designs in Black, which professional men fancy—deep bags to carry gown and papers when on a trip to the city, or the still deeper bag to use on circuit.

No. 945—Pebble Grain Leather, Sewed Frame, Leather Lined. 16 in., \$4.75; 18 in., \$5.00
No. 974—Natural Grain Leather, English Sewed Frame, Neat Finished Mountings, Leather Lined. 16 in., \$5.00; 18 in., \$5.50
No. 947—Same finish as 974, wider frame, larger bag. 16 in., \$6.00; 18 in., \$6.50

Lettered and Sent Prepaid

Our Illustrated Catalogue, No. 8 S,

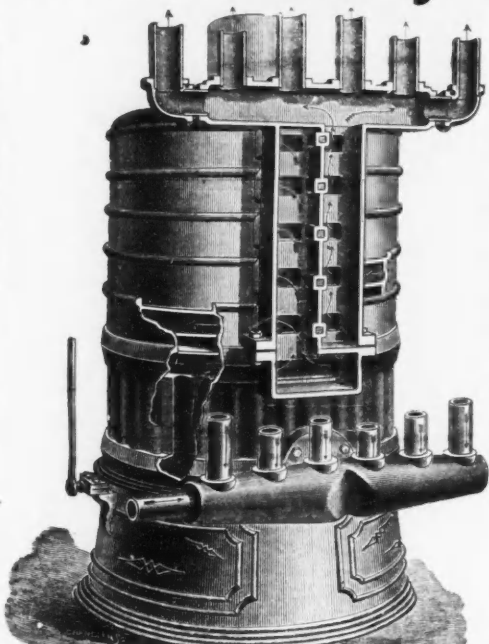
will be of use to you if you want to order a Trunk or Bag. We send it FREE.

The **JULIAN SALE**

Leather Goods Co., Limited

105 KING STREET WEST

The House You Buy Should be Heated by a "Daisy Boiler"



Hot Water Heating is both economical and comfortable. It gives an even heat that is healthy. Every modern house should have the

"DAISY BOILER"

installed. Talk is cheap, but it takes the Daisy to do the work in winter. We should like to give you all particulars.

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

The Dominion Radiator Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

PRINCESS THEATER ONE WEEK Beginning Monday, OCT. 21

FRANK L. PERLEY'S SINGING COMEDIANS

Superb Musical Organization of 100 People, including

DIGBY BELL WALTER JONES MARIE CAHILL LOUISE GUNNING
JOS. C. MIRON TEMPLE SAGE EVA TANGUY FRANCES WHEELER
EDD REDWAY GEO. H. HENRY WAY BOLEY MARG. MCKINNEY
E. LOVAT FRASER MAE STEBBINS SADIE PETERS MAY DESOUSA

AND 45 OTHERS.

In the Merry Operatic Comedy Success—

THE CHAPERONS

SPARKLING MELODIES AND FUN.
SPECIAL ORCHESTRA UNDER MAX HIRSCHFELD.

A lavish production with great Cast of Celebrities, Chorus of 60 Voices, Mandolin Club of 14 Young Ladies and Elaborate Scenic Display.

MATS. WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY. Seats Now Selling.

Social and Personal.

The marriage of Miss Lillian Jackson and Mr. William Fitzallen Ellis was celebrated at Silver Oaks, Eglington, the home of the bride's mother, on Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock. Quite a large number of guests beside the very large family connection, went out from the city by cab and car, and found Silver Oaks a scene of brilliant illumination in the murky, rainy night. The drive was outlined by fairy lamps on the turf borders, and strings of the same pretty lights were glancing overhead among the trees. Within, the house was ablaze and wreathed with autumn foliage and flowers, the mantels banked with ferns and chrysanthemums; the lace-draped window before which the bride stood was garlanded and strung with wreaths of green, and the dining-room, with its handsome buffet, was done in pink roses. White ribbons formed a path for the two maids, Miss Margaret Jackson, sister of the bride, in palest pink, and Miss Louise Davies, in green, to precede the lovely little bride. Mr. Fred Armstrong was groomsmen. Messrs. Percy Taylor, Ernest Jackson and Glen Ellis were ushers. Miss Jackson is exceedingly pretty at all times; in her bridal array she was a most winsome

picture. Her bridal gown was of accordion-pleated crepe de chine, the yoke and sleeves of point lace, exquisitely worked by her own little fingers. Her veil was of tulle, with a spray of orange blossoms, and a pearl star in her dark hair. She carried white roses. Rev. Dr. German and Rev. Mr. Stewart of Eglington performed the service, which was simple and short, and after which the pretty bride was fairly showered with kisses and congratulations. The newly-married couple led the way to the dining-room, where the bride's cake was cut and speeches made, while an excellent and rather substantial dejeuner was discussed by guests, who had either dined hastily or not at all, for Eglington is quite suburban. Many of the relatives of the bonny bride were present, and their very beautiful gifts, with those of other friends, were arranged in a room upstairs. Mr. Jones of California, a bachelor uncle, was an honored guest, and is most popular with everyone. There were a large number both of the Jacksons and the Jones families present, and aunts and cousins seemed everywhere. Mrs. Jackson, a very pretty elderly lady, wore a rich black gown, touched with white. Mrs. Ellis wore a lovely New York dress of white silk, veiled in black, ribbon-trimmed point d'esprit, with motifs of white lace set



EMILIANO RENAUD, PIANIST,
Who is to appear at Massey Hall, Oct. 22.
Plan now open at the Hall.

"Renaud is par excellence the poet of the piano. Renaud rides over monstrous difficulties on the pianoforte with an ease which is quite amazing, and in passages where power is required he is simply a Titan."

about the skirt, and long sashes of white satin ribbons knotted at intervals. Mr. and Mrs. R. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Davies, Master Gordon Davies, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, Miss and Mr. Percy Taylor, Mrs. McIntyre, Miss Bastedo, Miss Thornton of Buffalo, Mr. Porter, Mr. C. A. E. Goldman, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. George Ekins, Captain and Mrs. Arthur Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. White of Chatham, Mr. Don Bremner, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Miss Edna Carlisle, Miss Delia Davies, Mrs. Tom Taylor, Miss Davies, Mrs. German, Mrs. Pringle and Miss Kate Laidlaw were a few of the party at this pretty wedding. After the departure of the bride and groom, the Italian orchestra played some waltzes and two-steps, and a merry dance finished the evening. The illumination of the house and grounds was simply wonderful, as neither electric light nor gas is to be had at Silver Oaks, and, with all the arrangements, showed the taste, care and skill of the bride and her clever family.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell and his daughter, Mrs. McCarthy, were the guests of Senator Atkins last week.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. Pellatt of Southwood in the death of Mrs. Pellatt at their summer home in Orillia last Saturday. A most amiable and lovable woman was Mrs. Pellatt, and grief at her death is very sincere, not only in her family, but in many outside homes. Mrs. Pellatt was observant and clever, and enjoyed travel and, indeed, most pleasant affairs. She was a very delightful hostess, and her At Homes were always crowded with a merry party. She will be missed in good works of charity and kindness as much as or more than in society.

The gift of the women of Toronto to the Duchess of Cornwall was presented on the south verandah of Government House by Miss Mowat to Her Royal

Ladies



You are cordially invited to attend our
GRAND OPENING
of latest Parisian and New York novelties in
**Millinery
Mantles
Costumes
and Furs**

R. WOLFE
107 RONGE ST.

I SAY!



CITY DAIRY,
"That
**Devonshire
Cream**
You
Sell is
Simply
Delicious"

Delivered in 25, 35 and 50 cent jars.
Neatly wrapped in a package.
CREAM CHEESE
Prompt delivery to all parts of the city.

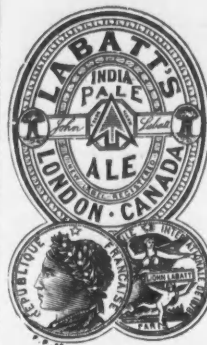
City Dairy Co.,
LIMITED
Phone 240 North SPADINA CRESCENT

The La Beaute Toilet Co.

Big leave to announce that they have purchased the business conducted by Madame La Belle (Prenner) at 113 King Street West, Toronto, and will continue it at the same place as formerly. They will only employ the same skilled operators, using the latest treatments, and will guarantee perfect satisfaction in the different departments.

The La Beaute Toilet Co.
113 KING STREET WEST, - TORONTO

Highness, in the presence of as many of the donors as could be given standing room. The large maplewood case in which the beautiful gift reposed was set on a table in the bay of the veran-



ASK FOR Labatt's (LONDON) INDIA PALE ALE

The Malt and Hops used are the finest that skill and money can secure. A prime favorite.
AT GROCERS, CLUBS AND HOTELS

Nothing Erratic About THE Imperial Oxford Range

YOU CAN REGULATE THE FIRE with the same precision as if setting a clock—have just the exact heat wanted in the oven—a thermometer to show you the different degrees—and a simple management of draughts to check the fire as soon as you're through.
IT MEANS MANY DOLLARS SAVED ON COAL BILLS—and a heap of vexation avoided because there need be no delays for the cook. Why not call and see this fine range—leading dealers all over Canada will explain its improved features.



SOLD IN TORONTO BY

Gurney Oxford Stove and Furnace Co.,
231 Yonge Street.
Geo. Boxall, 2574 Yonge Street.
Gibson & Thompson, 435 Yonge Street.
Thos. Taylor, 750 Yonge Street.
J. S. Hall, 1097 Yonge Street.
R. Bailey & Son, 1220 Yonge Street.
B. Pressley, 123 Queen West.
Power Bros., 212 Queen West.
Oxford Stove Store, 369 Queen West.
F. W. Unitt & Co., Queen and Spadina.
Geo. Hooper, 1368 Queen West.

Wheeler & Bain, 179 King East.
Canada Furnace Exchange, 256 College Street.
E. W. Chard, 321 College Street.
John Adair, 625 Bathurst Street.
Shepherd Hardware Co., 112 Dundas Street.
T. E. Hoar & Co., Toronto Junction.
John Gilbey, 724 Queen East.
F. G. Washington, 785 Queen East.
Jas. Cole, 216 Parliament Street.
J. Downes, Kingston Road, East Toronto.

Made and Guaranteed by

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.
The Gurney-Massey Co., Limited, Montreal

The W. & D. DINEEN CO., Limited.

FIRST DAY OF WINTER SALE

This is the first day of our big early Winter Sale, arranged purposely to give you an opportunity to get your cold weather garments in good time. This is the biggest sale we have ever arranged, and we have a record hard to beat for big sales.



Not a skin that's not worthy or a style that's not new is in our display. Alaska Sealskins, specially selected, London dyed. Broadtails and Persian Lamb and skins from Leipzig; Russian Sabie; Chinchilla, from Peru; and styles from old London, Paris and New York. We have been here since '64, making garments to the satisfaction of our customers, and this year we have surpassed ourselves in this big display.

We only handle good furs—honest furs. We make them up in all styles to your order, and every stitch is done under our personal supervision and in our own establishment. Our specialty is the real

ALASKA SEAL JACKETS

These we make so good that no furrier in America can make better. Genuine Alaska Seal, dyed by Martin of London, England, goes in every garment, and each is lined with the highest grade of silk or satin manufactured. We guarantee every bit of furs we sell as high class. Alaska Seal Jackets—Any lady anticipating the purchase of a Sealskin Coat will find upon investigation that she can do better here than anywhere else in Ontario.

PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS.

We flatter ourselves that there isn't a poor bit of Persian Lamb in our whole stock. The tailoring is of the very best.

MADE-TO-ORDER GARMENTS

We manufacture all our garments on the premises, and are therefore prepared to make for you any style of garment you might fancy or design. We would be pleased to give you an estimate of the cost and assist you in every possible way with our experience.

Expert Remodelling and Repairing { Our Handsome Booklet, Showing All the New Styles in Furs, Sent FREE.

The W. & D. DINEEN CO., Limited
Corner Yonge and Temperance Streets.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Panton—At Stratford, Wednesday, 9th October, to Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Panton, a son.
Grier—Oct. 13, Toronto, Mrs. Wylie Grier, a son.
Gooch—Oct. 9, Toronto, Mrs. George E. Gooch, a son.
Goforth—Oct. 14, Toronto, Mrs. (Rev.) J. Goforth, a daughter.
Parkinson—Oct. 14, Toronto, Mrs. M. Parkinson, a son.
Ragg—Oct. 19, Toronto, Mrs. Albin E. Ragg, a son.
Mills—Oct. 13, Toronto, Mrs. C. Nathan Mills, a son.
Elliot—Oct. 10, Midland, Mrs. (Rev.) J. J. Elliot, a son.
Gibson—Oct. 12, Toronto, Mrs. (Rev.) Jesse Gibson, a son.

Marriages.

Embury—Walker—On October 16, 1901, at Toronto, by Rev. I. Tovell, William C. Embury of Rochester, N.Y., to Edna Eleanor Walker, of Toronto.
MacGachan—Kirkpatrick—At Kingston, Oct. 2nd, Frederic Le Strange MacGachan to Gertrude Rose Kirkpatrick.
Corbould—Wright—Oct. 15, Toronto, Gordon E. Corbould, K.C., to Charlotte Mary Elizabeth Wright.
Hislop—Bray—Oct. 7, Winnipeg, James D. Hislop to Amy Bray.
Procter—Hardy—Oct. 9, Christopher Benson Procter to Annie Evangeline Hardy.
Wisner—Dymont—Oct. 16, Barrie, Walter Eves Wisner to Annie Florence Dymont.
Morris—Carscadden—Oct. 16, Bowmanville, Frank H. Morris to Edith Victoria Carscadden.
Castle—Cummings—Oct. 16, Toronto, Frank Castle to Marguerite Cummings.
Cooke—Elliot—Toronto, Iveson Leslie Cooke to Gertrude Mabel Elliott.
Phillips—Patterson—Oct. 9, Toronto, Charles E. Phillips to Letitia J. Patterson.

Deaths.

McMicking—Oct. 13, Toronto, George McMicking, M.D., aged 71.
Rice—Oct. 13, Toronto, Jessie Reid Rice, aged 41.
Rolph—Oct. 14, Markham, Captain William Rolph, aged 57.
Anderson—Oct. 10, Toronto, Rev. Wm. Anderson, M.A., aged 78.
Boissac—Oct. 7, Buffalo, Alfred Boissac, A.R.C.A., aged 73.
Eaton—Oct. 13, Toronto, James Eaton, in his 67th year.
Pellatt—Oct. 13, Orillia, Emma Mary Pellatt, aged 61 years.
Stotesbury—Oct. 12, Toronto, Charles Ross Stotesbury, aged 73.
French—Oct. 16, Toronto, Joseph French, aged 51 years.
Jory—Oct. 15, St. Catharines, Lily E. Jory.
Alexander—Oct. 16, Toronto, William Herbert Alexander.
Watkins—Oct. 11, Toronto, Henrietta Watkins, aged 98.

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)
The Leading Undertaker
Phone 679. 339 YONGE STREET